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A DREAM OF OUR PETS.

THE

CHRONICLES OF A GARDEN:

ITS PETS AND ITS PLEASURES.

BY THE LATE

MISS HENRIETTA WILSON,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE THINGS," ETC.

WITH A BRIEF MEMOIR

BY

JAMES HAMILTON, D.D., F.L.S.

Second Edition.

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

M.DCCC.LXIV.

~~180. c. 219~~

181. c. 202

" I love my Garden! dearly love
That little spot of ground!
There 's not, methinks, (though I may err
In partial pride,) a pleasanter
In all the country round."

MRS SOUTHEY.

" God Almighty first planted a garden: it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man."

LORD BACON.

MEMOIR

OF

MISS HENRIETTA WILSON.

THE good and gifted writer of the following pages was the daughter of Andrew Wilson, Esq., Main House. In early life she lost her mother, and for some years found a home with her grandmother in Queen Street, Edinburgh, under the same roof with her father's celebrated brother, Professor John Wilson. But there was another uncle, at whose pleasant abode in the then secluded suburb of Morningside she was a frequent visitor, and in whose society from the first she greatly delighted. His garden was so fragrant and so bright with blossom, there were about the place so many tame and happy creatures, and his own ways were so gentle and so loving, that it was no wonder Woodville became to her a little paradise, and its kind owner dear beyond

all others. Nor was it long before she ceased to have any home besides. Her aunt, Mrs James Wilson, to whom she was tenderly attached, was an invalid, and in ministering to her during a lengthened illness Henrietta found the first outlet for that generous self-devotion which distinguished her through life. Notwithstanding habits eminently active, and with a fondness for flowers and rural walks little short of a passion, many were the summer days when nothing could tempt her from the bed-side of the sufferer, and many were the long and silent nights which she spent anxiously watching in that dim chamber. Some would have pitied as well as admired such sacrifice in one so young; but of *self* there was so little in Henrietta Wilson, that victory over it always seemed quite easy. And the labour of love had its own reward. With her large acquirements and her earnest piety, there were always good lessons to be learned in Mrs Wilson's society. She delighted in books, and many was the volume with which her youthful companion first became acquainted from reading it aloud to her aunt; and, best of all, she then acquired those habits of tender sympathy and considerate kindness, which afterwards so endeared her to her friends. It is thus that "many are made white and purified." From that sick-

room one passed away to join spirits made perfect; the ministering attendant who remained came forth an angel unawares.

To the little boy and girl, her cousins, now motherless like herself, she became more than ever as an elder sister, and to their heart-stricken father her quiet unassuming helpfulness was a strong consolation, as well as that glow of goodness which nothing could quench, that cheerful hope in God which nothing overclouded. Her beloved uncle she greatly resembled in her playful good sense and pleasant ways, as well as in that warmth of affection which was continually gleaming forth from behind the veil of a habitual retiringness; and she was like him in his love of humour, and, we may add, honourably like him in possessing a power of satire which was never used for the purpose of giving pain. Many of his tastes had also become her own. She was an excellent entomologist, and, as this volume shews, she fully shared with the kind-hearted naturalist his attachment to plants and animals, along with a great admiration of Wordsworth, and such poets as have looked on nature through their own eyes, and not through the eyes of others. So, mainly through the subtile charm of one bright presence, the winter retreat in George Square and the summer residence at Wood-

ville, continued to retain that look of shaded happiness as when the hope full of immortality shines out through a great sorrow, till the dayspring gradually returned, and with it that voice of rejoicing which is heard in the dwellings of the righteous.*

A fear is sometimes expressed lest the love of the lower creatures should absorb that benevolence of which the more legitimate objects are the indigent and suffering members of our own human family. Of this fear Miss Wilson was a daily confutation. Her piety, comprehensive and practical, took in the entire range of being as far as she was acquainted with it, and instead of evaporating in sentiment, it sought out its objects very diligently, and laboured to make them happy. At the Disruption she became an ardent adherent of the Free Church, and along with her uncle joined the congregation of her cousin—the Rev. John Sym, of Free Greyfriars—and gave herself to all his plans of Territorial improvement. Shortly before her death she had become superintendent of a mothers' meeting, where her readings and explanations of Scripture were greatly prized, as well as her plain and friendly counsels, and her earnest, affectionate prayers: as one of the poor women expressed it, "Miss Wilson's prayers aye gaed

* See Memoirs of James Wilson, Esq., chap. vi.

to my heart." Latterly she superintended the labours of a Bible woman. One result of her own visitations among the neglected families of the Cowgate was an effort to introduce skilled and pious nurses into the sick-rooms of the poor. Except it be through dire necessity, the poor in Scotland are very reluctant to be transferred from their own homes to a public hospital; and in the case of a sick mother, for example, taken away from the oversight of her children, there are doubtless grave drawbacks in such a removal. But over and above the benefit to the patient of a skilful attendant, Miss Wilson rightly judged that the leisure and the solemnising circumstances of illness gave a favourable opportunity for introducing the great message of mercy; and it was her hope that to the friends and relations of the sufferer God might bless the earnest words and kindly ministrations of these humble missionaries.

To this last object it was her dying request that the proceeds of the present work should be given.* As early as 1851 she published anonymously a little book with the title, "Little Things." Unassuming, like its author, its keen observation, its practical wisdom, and

* Contributions to the Medical Mission Sick-Nurse Fund will be gratefully received by Mrs Sym, 37 George Square, Edinburgh.

its fine tone of healthy Christian feeling, commanded a large and speedy circulation, and secured a ready welcome for its successors, "Homely Hints" and "Things to be Thought of." The popularity of her writings, however, did not enkindle any literary ambition, and, but for the benevolent object which she sought to promote, it may be questioned whether these "Chronicles of a Garden" would have been given to the world. Still, like almost every thing she did, she had pleasure in writing them, and had her life been prolonged she would have had pleasure in revising them, and in making them as perfect as possible. Although she was never permitted to see a single page in print, it was one of the last gratifications of her life to receive the drawings which adorn the book from the pencil of her dear and distinguished friend, Dr R. K. Greville; and amidst the languor of a last illness, her eye glistened with delight as she gazed on this token of kindness from one who had long been loved like a father at Woodville, and whom she knew that she would by and by meet again beneath the tree of life in the midst of the paradise of God.

Her heart had long been affected by rheumatism, but it was not till mid-summer, 1863, that there appeared any symptoms of acute disease. On Friday,

the 5th of June, she and her cousin took their last walk together. It was a calm summer morning, and they spent some hours at Braid Hermitage among the lovely woods and glens — Miss Wilson exceedingly enjoying the profusion of blossom, and listening with eager delight to her old friends, the cuckoo and wood-pigeon. But she looked fatigued, and in the evening there was such a deadly paleness on her face, that her cousin asked if she was not tired. "No, not tired," was her answer, "but I feel my heart." For a few days she remained quietly at home. On Saturday she received a good many friends, and saw her Bible woman, with whom she spent a long time transacting business, so that in the evening she was much fagged and worn out. On Monday she employed herself arranging a drawer of insects, and, in spite of her cousin's entreaties, sent for a cab to take her to a mothers' meeting. It was a stormy day, wind and heavy rain, and as with feeble steps and pallid face she left the house, it was with unseen tears she was committed to His keeping, in whose service she was spending these last hours of activity. There was a large attendance at the meeting. She had begun to read the book of Nehemiah, and she spoke to the mothers on the duty and privilege of ejaculatory prayer whilst engaged in

the bustle and cares of life. She was not seemingly the worse of these exertions, and in the evening read for a long time with much enjoyment the life of a kindred spirit, Amelia Sieveking.

On Wednesday, the 17th of June, during her cousin's absence, she set out on an attempt to visit her district. When a few yards beyond the gate she was seized with violent pain between the shoulders; but so anxious was she to visit the school, and take some little delicacy to a dying man, that she still struggled on, although frequently compelled by breathlessness to stop short, and once obliged to sit down on the Links. She reached the school, and was able also to pay a visit in George Square to her dear friend Mrs Sym; and thus for the last time entered the dwelling so hallowed by its associations with the beloved pastor and friend whose memory she so tenderly cherished, and the hope of reunion with whom was one of the joyful anticipations of life's last hours.

After this some days were spent in bed, and the months of July and August passed on in extreme weakness, with frequent distressing seizures of faintness and nausea, and, which she dreaded still more, hours of a death-like slumber. For fear of these painful sleeps she often avoided lying down when utterly

exhausted. One night she requested to have the 91st Psalm read to her, as it contained promises of protection from "the terror of the night." As long as strength remained, it was her great enjoyment to be taken out into the garden. At first she was able to walk slowly; afterwards she was wheeled along in a garden chair. One of the last times she was out of doors she observed a rare moth, and sent into the house for a net in order to secure it—the last gleam of a ruling passion. She still read a great deal. Night and morning her Bible lay beside her, as well as "Hymns from the Land of Luther." With the beauty and originality of a small volume of poems by Jean Inglelow she expressed herself as much delighted, and she enjoyed Mrs Jameson's Sketches. Boston's "Crook in the Lot" lay beside her till nearly the close. Of one eye she had in the meanwhile lost the sight through weakness, but she did not allow it to interfere with her occupations, and only alluded to it as a matter of merriment. As in the days of her health she had been a matchless sick-nurse, so now in her turn she became a remarkable patient. Her great anxiety was to give the least possible trouble. The tones of her voice, unless when weakened by violent sickness, retained their wonted cheerfulness; she was as solicitous as ever

for the comfort of every one under the roof, and when unable to go out herself would insist on her cousin going out into the sunshine: "I like to look through the window and see you walking;" and she would fain have so set the place in order, that it should look as bright as ever to survivors after it had ceased to know herself for ever.

Most likely for this reason—to avoid giving pain—she did not at first speak of the probable termination of her malady; but in the beginning of September the symptoms became much more urgent, and the friend whom she wished to be with her at the close of the pilgrimage was sent for. Mrs Sym came, and never left her till she was safe in the happy land where "the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick." But on the evening of Saturday, September 12th, the invalid was alone with her cousin, who had finished reading to her the 103d Psalm, and a few verses in the 10th chapter of Hebrews. She then began as if speaking of ordinary affairs, and mentioned the names of some friends to whom she would like her microscope, her insect cabinet, and similar personal remembrances, to be given; and after addressing words of comfort and advice to the beloved companion who had been to her so long as a younger sister, she added, "I do not fear to leave

you all, for I know in whose care you are. The God who comforted us in '56 (the year when Mr Wilson died) will comfort still. It will be a very short time, and we shall be all together again." She next reverted to her uncle and her devoted attachment to him—"I never could have thought that I should be able to live seven years without him; but God would not permit me to rejoin him before weakening my idolatrous love and fixing it more on Himself. I have had a very happy life, and there is not much suffering even now. No one knows what it is till they come to be here. Tell —— [an aged friend] not to be afraid: she used to be timid; but the waters of Jordan will be very low when she has to cross."

From that evening onward she spoke constantly and cheerfully of the Father's house as one who was already near it, dwelling much on the finished work of the Saviour. "Yes," she said, "it is a finished work. All that I have to do is to lie down at the foot of the cross." The texts in which she delighted were such as these:—"Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out;" "Looking unto Jesus;" "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe;" "He shall sit as a purifier and refiner;" "Wash me, and I shall be clean;" "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with

thee." One night she was told that a dear friend had sent in a note her favourite text, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." "Yes," she replied, "that *'bides*. But remember, it is for the strong as well as the weak."

On Sabbath, September 13th, she requested her cousin to repeat to her the hymn, "Rock of Ages," and that verse in the 73d Psalm :—

> "My flesh and heart doth faint and fail,
> But God doth fail me never:
> For of my heart God is the strength
> And portion for ever;"

on which she dwelt in a way that shewed it to be exactly descriptive of her own trust and feeling.

One day, when suffering much, the remark was made to her, "How sweet after this will be the blessed rest of heaven!" "Well," she replied, "it is strange: it is not *rest* I am thinking of, but *work*. I have been laid aside so long, I am longing for something to do." She was then reminded of the passages in the Revelation—"His servants shall serve him;" "They rest not day nor night," &c. Amidst her desire to depart and be with Christ, she was afraid of being impatient. "His time is best. I will wait His own time. Surely, however," she once added, "I may say, Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly; because that is His own

word." She often repeated two lines from a German hymn—

"Suffer on, and hope, and wait,
Jesus never comes too late."

One morning she said it had long been pleasant to her to believe that in a higher state of existence many of our present pursuits may be resumed and perfected. Reference was made to what Dr Candlish says in his "Life in a Risen Saviour." "Yes," she subjoined, "they are delightful sermons. Dr James Alexander has also some striking remarks on the same subject. I copied them out; and I can truly say that many of my employments here were followed out in the hope of resuming them in eternity."

All throughout her mind continued bright, and free from clouds and fears, and her only concern was the trouble which her feebleness occasioned to others. "After this you must take a long rest," she said to her cousin, who answered, "I would far rather work as you have done;" and when her attached servants were raising her in bed, she said, "I am a great *bother*," but added, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." On the morning that she died she heard that a valued friend was ailing. She expressed much sympathy, observing, "I

do not like to hear of people being ill. I like to hear of them well and cheerful, and going excursions."

About four in the morning of Saturday, September 19th, a great change was observed to come over her, and she appeared to be rapidly sinking; but she revived a little, and when asked about nine how she was, she said, "I have had a delicious night." Dr Duncan afterwards asked her if she was in pain. "Oh no, only drowsy, and quite happy." Nearly all day she kept hold of her cousin's hand, and, whether waking or sleeping, she often smiled brightly as if beholding what eye hath not seen. About five in the evening she repeated three or four times, "Come, Lord Jesus," and shortly after, from the arms of sorrowing affection, her ransomed spirit passed away.

INTRODUCTION.

MUCH has been written of late on small farms, and the profits thereof. Reading such works is pleasant and tempting, and sometimes one is inclined to wonder whether any profit could be made out of a shrubbery and garden of two acres.

Thus cogitating one day, it came into my head to endeavour to record the *pleasures* of which these two acres have been the source; and surely in this world of care, and toil, and anxiety, what is a daily source of enjoyment may be counted profitable also.

> "Pleasures newly found are sweet
> When they lie about our feet."

The profit of innocent pleasure is as real, and as beneficial to the mind, as the profit of gain is to the purse. It is wise and right to take advantage of, and make the most use of such simple, pure, and varied enjoyments as are to be found even in a garden of two acres.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

MEMOIR OF MISS WILSON, ... iii

INTRODUCTION, ... xvii

THE PLEASURES OF WORK, ... 1

TREES, EVERGREENS, AND SHRUBS, . . . 13

SPRING, ... 43

SUMMER, ... 74

AUTUMN, ... 114

WINTER, ... 131

OUR PETS, ... 164

RANGER'S GRAVE, ... 165

TO MY BIRDIE, ... 167

MY DOVES, ... 169

TO FLUSH, MY DOG, ... 172

ON THE GRAVE OF A FAITHFUL DOG, . . . 176

The Pleasures of Work.

" The sun and sky,
The elements and seasons, as they change,
Do find a worthy fellow-labourer there—
Man free, man working for himself, with choice
Of time, and place, and object."

WORDSWORTH.

" No doubt that work is a luxury, and a very great one. It is indeed at once a luxury and a necessity; no man can retain either health of mind or body without it."—RUSKIN.

THERE is said to be in most Scotchmen a strong desire to possess a bit of land, however small, and certainly this pleasure of possession does not depend alone upon the extent of ground; on the contrary, I am disposed to think that more *pleasure* is derived from small properties than from large ones, and that as much interest and enjoyment may be got from a small spot of ground as from an estate

of many hundred acres. The possessor of a large property has duties, cares, responsibilities, and anxieties, which are unknown to the humble proprietor of a few acres; besides, he cannot take the personal charge and oversight of his estates in the way necessary to secure enjoyment: he must employ and depend upon others—land-stewards, foresters, and gardeners; and it will generally be found that far greater pleasure is derived from what we do ourselves than from what others do for us. This rule applies especially to gardening; no fruit, vegetables, or flowers seem half so fine as those we have planted and cultivated ourselves. The actual labour required soon becomes pleasant; and, till it has been tried, no one can tell the delight we take in watching and waiting for the effects of the work of our own hands.

"I love my garden well
And find employment there;
Employment sweet, for many an hour,
In tending every shrub and flower
With still unwearied care."

It is not to be denied that there is great satisfaction to be derived from the skilful labours of others, and much gratification obtained by having a regular gardener; but let those who have gardens, and yet cannot afford this luxury, comfort themselves by the thought that the actual enjoyment of gardening, as of most other pursuits, is greater in proportion to the pains we have personally taken in it.

The love of work for work's sake is not common, but

something resembling this is undoubtedly one of the sources of much healthy enjoyment. Shew me a person who does like work, of whatever nature, mental or mechanical, who puts his heart and his mind into it, and who is not satisfied unless he has done it as well as he can, and I will shew you a happy man.

So, among the many advantages a garden brings with it the gratification of this healthy love of work is not the least; where this love is not, the sooner it is acquired the better, and few pursuits help on the acquisition so well as gardening. If it extends from this pleasant occupation to more serious and naturally irksome work, so much the better. The same rule applies to dull, dry, uninteresting work of every kind. The true plan for making it pleasant is to endeavour to do it (whatever it is) as perfectly as possible. No one was ever yet interested in work who did it *any way;* for not only is the result of such careless labour most unsatisfactory, so that it is often labour lost, but the work itself is insufferably tedious. But set to with a will, resolve and endeavour to do it neatly and completely, to make your work look well, to make it finished work, and, whether you will or not, you will feel an interest in it while doing it, and a pleasure in contemplating it when done, utterly unknown to the slovenly worker.

"In all labour there is profit." It may be added, that in almost all labour there may be pleasure, if we do it well and are not overtasked, for then, alas,

"Labour dire it is and weary woe."

There is a certain charm to most people in the mechanical part of their work; they like doing it, they cannot tell why, even where it is so purely mechanical as to leave the mind free to follow its own fancies. The fingers seem to feel pleasure in being employed, and no one who has ever tried the experiment can deny the fact, that, when suffering under anxiety, ay, or even in sorrow, they have found more relief of mind from some work of the hand than they could derive from attempts to occupy and employ the mind. Any gardening work takes a high rank among the efficacious means of soothing and occupying a harassed mind; and it would be ungrateful indeed to Him who "gives us *all* things richly to enjoy," not to acknowledge His goodness in thus making work so often an alleviation of our cares, and also in granting us the means of recreation and relief that such pleasant labour confers. I have rambled off from the subject of our garden to the delights of hearty work, but I will allow myself the pleasure of an extract ere I return to my subject.

"Yes, we should all have our work to do; work of some kind. I do not look upon him as an object of compassion who finds it in hard manual labour, so long as the frame is not overtasked, and springs after rest with renewed vigour to its toil. Hard labour is a source of more pleasure in a great city, in a single day, than all which goes by the especial name of pleasure throughout the year. We must all have our task. We are wretched without it." *

It is no small advantage, in this changeable climate,

* "Thorndale; or, Conflict of Opinion."

of a love of garden work, that we are thereby frequently able to enjoy wet weather. Either there is some transplanting to be done, or some seeds have been sown, or some turf has been laid down; and a dull, drizzling day, or a hearty soaking shower, is welcomed and rejoiced in, with a zest unknown to those who are for ever grumbling at our capricious climate. There is first the enjoying, at the open window, of that most delightful of summer sounds, the pattering of rain-drops upon the leaves of the trees; then comes the eager delight of hastening out after the shower has ceased, and finding that, even in a few hours, some tiny seeds will have sprung up, while every bush and flower is looking so fresh, and smiling so fragrantly.

"Oh! the rapture of beauty, of sweetness, of sound,
That succeeded that soft, gracious rain!
With laughter and singing the valleys rung round,
And the little hills shouted again.

"The wind sunk away like a sleeping child's breath,
The pavilion of clouds was upfurl'd;
And the sun, like a spirit triumphant o'er death,
Smiled out on this beautiful world.

"On this '*beautiful world*' such a change had been wrought
By these few blessed drops. Oh! the same
On some cold stony heart might be work'd too, methought,
Sunk in guilt, but not senseless of shame!

"If a few virtuous tears, by the merciful shed,
Touch'd its hardness, perhaps the good grain
That was sown there and rooted, though long *seeming* dead,
Might shoot up and flourish again.

"Oh! to work such a change!—by God's grace to recall
A poor soul from the death-sleep! To this—
To this joy that the angels partake, what were all
That the worldly and sensual call bliss!"

MRS SOUTHEY.

So much for the charms of a summer shower, and the ideas suggested by it. But even in bleak, dull weather, there is always something to be done in the garden for which such weather is requisite; and surely, as the author of the "Manse Garden" remarks:—"Not a little may be said for an occupation that can make a November drizzle more cheering than the sunny dews of May." That gardening does so *sometimes*, will be admitted by all who have had favourite shrubs to transplant at that season.

There are so many excellent works on gardening, both of a popular and scientific nature, that any one who wishes to study the subject will find all he wishes to know, and a good deal more, in these books; but the good rule, "Try it yourself," is still applicable, if we really wish to enjoy the garden. It seems rather a discouraging hint to set out with, but I suspect it is a true one, that we must submit to *learn by failure*. Somehow these disagreeable lessons make a deeper impression on us, set us to discover the cause of the failure, and produce forethought in a way no other experience does. I believe, however, that many disappointments in gardening might be avoided by amateurs, (I presume only to write for such,) if they would moderate their desires, and would not expect that unskilled labour should produce results equal to the efforts of an experienced

gardener; that hothouse flowers should flourish in a greenhouse without a fire, or that beds and borders should be always in a blaze of beauty, when they can afford neither time nor money sufficient to keep them in such a state of high culture. There is wisdom in not attempting too much, and there is pleasure too in being thus "content with such things as we have;" for, however it may be in other matters, it does not hold true of gardening, that

> "In great attempts 'tis glorious even to fail."

This is one reason why I feel inclined to recommend possessors of small gardens, who are unable to keep a regular gardener, not to be too hasty in discarding the old-fashioned mixed border, and adopting in its stead beds of flowers. There are many arguments in favour of the mixed border, such as, that it is never empty; that hardy plants, which need little cultivation, grow there; that blanks are more easily filled up when they occur; and that to most people there is a pleasure in going year after year to the same spot, sure of finding there the old favourite plant, either beginning to bud, or in full blow, and of thus forming, as it were, a friendship among your flowers—

> "Nor blush if o'er your heart be stealing
> A love for things that have no feeling."

This last fanciful pleasure is one unknown to the cultivator of beds where the flowers are removed and renewed year by year; and truth to tell, it is one which meets with very little sympathy from the gardener; at least, I never

met with one who had any scruple about grubbing up any old favourite; they are all ready to act on the maxim, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground." Well would it be for us all, if we remembered and acted upon the warning as applied to ourselves!

Even in a small garden, however, there may be room for both styles of gardening: broad borders of mixed shrubs and flowers, and plots in the grass, filled with select favourites,—this combination giving variety of work as well as of enjoyment. It is true that the plots look empty and bare during the winter, but the pleasure of filling them up in spring is all the greater from the contrast; and there are few things more delightful than an evening stroll round the garden after the Tom Thumbs, verbenas, or lobelias have been replaced in their beds, a gentle watering bestowed, and the filled-up look restored to the long-empty parterres.

I suppose that the various kinds of work, comprised under the term gardening, have each their own particular charm to different individuals; but, perhaps, the most universally-liked work is this planting out, either of plants from pots, or, more delightful still, of rooted cuttings that have been struck by ourselves. Sowing seeds is another very attractive occupation; so is tying up flower stems to their supports, or training creepers against a fence or wall. Indeed, these two last-named employments are popularly supposed to comprise all a lady's work in a garden; but to one who is a real lover of gardening, scarcely any work comes amiss, although no doubt some kinds are preferable to others. Weeding by the hand is generally thought tire-

some; but even this, when performed on a bed of seedlings, becomes interesting; probably because more care has to be taken, and because one feels as if the tiny plants must feel it a relief to be set free from these encroaching and overshadowing neighbours.

> "'Tis my faith that every flower
> Enjoys the air it breathes."

The pleasure that there is in the actual, practical work of a garden, must be tried before it can be understood. Liking for it will grow by exercise, even when not felt naturally; for of this healthy enjoyment may be said, what is generally remarked of more doubtful pleasures, that "it only needs a beginning."

Next to working oneself comes the pleasure of watching the work of others. Any alteration that needs the labour of more skilled hands than our own, but which has been planned out by ourselves, gives daily satisfaction while watching its progress, whether it be a new walk opening out, turf laying down, a fence putting up, a rookery building, or new beds and borders being dug; any, in short, of the changes that may be made in the smallest domain, the doing of the work, and the seeing of it done, give often more pleasure than the completest performance. I must class also among "the pleasures of work," of this work at least, that it generally leaves the mind free for pleasant and profitable thought; indeed, it suggests such. There are many similes, analogies, and styles to be observed in all natural objects; and either while planting and rearing, or cutting down and casting away, many

scriptural allusions will occur to our minds, and new illustrations will be found to add another to the many pleasures of such occupation.

Among the indirect pleasures of gardening may fairly be placed those derived from studying the nature and properties of our favourite plants and flowers. A knowledge of botany may not be necessary for a gardener; but as I am endeavouring to set forth the enjoyments that are

> "Spread through the earth
> In stray gifts, to be claim'd by whoever shall find,"

I must include the acquisition of some knowledge about the structure and modes of growth of plants as giving a great additional zest to their culture. Even the very weeds become interesting when understood to be only "plants out of place;" so whether it be botany that leads to gardening, or gardening that leads to botany, certain it is, that in either case benefit and enjoyment will be doubled by the student becoming a workman, and the workman a student.

We may fitly conclude this chapter by applying the words spoken by Sir Henry Wotton, in praise of angling, to the pursuit and practice of gardening:—"It was an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent; for it was, after tedious study, a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness; it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it."

Trees, Evergreens, and Shrubs.

"Oh for a law, originating in the perception of comfort, and self-imposed, which should make the planting of a few trees an operation as certain as the building of a house! Men would live longer and better for the happiness thus given to their homes."—MANSE GARDEN.

IT may appear absurd to the owners of woods and forests that the *trees* of a villa garden should be thought worthy of remark; and perhaps some persons may consider the leafy monarchs out of place in such a situation, and feel no regret at seeing them levelled low to make way for beds and borders. It is indeed grievous to see the want of taste and feeling shewn on this subject by almost all

classes concerned in the building of suburban residences. To judge by the unsparing use of the axe resorted to when a wooded park is "feued" for villas, be they mansions or cottages, one would think that a fine tree or group of trees was a nuisance to be got quit of as quickly as possible, and that no allotment of ground, whether of six acres or only consisting of one, could be ready for either building on or laying out as garden or shrubbery, till every tree had been uprooted and the ground left bare as the blasted heath. Then the roads and pathways, where once we walked under shady sycamores or spreading beeches, alas for their leafy honours now! Poor comfort it is for those who once admired, ay, and loved those noble trees, to be told that now the footpaths will be drier and the roads in better order, for the litter of fallen leaves is at an end, and the sun and wind will now dry up all mud and moisture. How sadly do we now recall the rural beauty of one of those by-roads, with its avenue of trees on each side, and bounded on the west only by an old crumbling wall, over which one could see into the sweet green fields, gay with buttercups and daisies, while every here and there, where the road widened, there were irregular grassy knolls covered with whins, where one might sit and rest, even though it was "within a mile of Edinburgh town." First came the repairing of that old mossy wall, so that one could no longer see into the grass or look on the trunks of the tall trees; but still their branches waved overhead, and still the green resting-places remained. But ere long the ground was feued, the old trees were cut down, a staring stone-and

lime wall was built, and road and footpath alike were macadamised or paved with little hard stones, the grass pared off, the golden whins dug up, and the once rural country road turned into as dull and uninteresting a highway as ever road-contractor rejoiced in. There may be situations where even a fine tree is in the wrong place, and must be removed—if too close to the dwelling, or where it closes up a fine view, or where too crowded upon other trees; but in general, the enjoyment as well as the beauty of a small place is greatly enhanced by large trees.

> "And ye are strong to shelter all meek things;
> All that need home and covert, love your shade;
> Birds of shy song, and low-voiced quiet springs,
> And nun-like violets, by the wind betray'd."

Few in number they must necessarily be, and often in the way, it may be thought, of flower-plots; but, to such things, who that has either eye or heart would sacrifice a horse-chestnut, with its snowy spikes; a beech, with its gray, lichen-covered stem, and its leaves, alike beautiful in their tender downy greenness of spring, or in the red and yellow glory of autumn; a wild cherry, with its wreaths of blossom, and its crimson brightness in decay; or a slender silvery birch, trembling to every breeze, and covering the ground with leaves of gold when autumn winds strip its sprays, leaving them almost as beautiful in their winter bareness as when covered by their fragrant summer foliage?

There is no season when trees are not a source of pleasure, varied and unwearied. You may have but one of each kind, and you may think you know that one well, but

watch it, study it, and every season of the year, every change in the weather, will bring out new beauties.

> "No plot so narrow, be but Nature there,
> No waste so vacant, but may well employ
> Each faculty of sense, and keep the heart
> Awake to love and beauty."

If, as Arthur Helps truly says, "the moral experiments of the world may be tried with the smallest quantities," so may the pleasures of the woodlands. One tree may afford diversified enjoyment, not only by its form, its shade, its foliage, but by the effects its leaves give to light, whether it be the "cool green light" that is so exquisitely refreshing, or the brilliant glow of carmine or orange seen glinting through the flickering foliage at noon or dewy eve.

> "In this bower,
> This little lime-tree bower, have I not mark'd
> Much that has pleased me? Pale beneath the blaze
> Hung the transparent foliage: and I watch'd
> Some broad and sunny leaf, and loved to see
> The shadow of the leaf and stem above
> Dappling its sunshine! And that walnut tree
> Was richly tinged, and a deep radiance lay
> Full on the ancient ivy, which usurps
> Those fronting elms, and now, with blackest mass,
> Makes their dark branches gleam a lighter hue
> Through the late twilight."

Then there is the tender revival in spring, the green tassels and red cones of the larch, the gummy fragrant buds of the poplar, the catkins of hazel or willow, the black buds of the ash, and the green buds of the sycamore: a little later and the hawthorn, the lilac, and laburnum,

covered with white, purple, and golden bloom, make the very heart leap up with admiration.

"Come forth, and let us through our hearts receive
The joy of verdure! See, the honied lime
Showers cool green light o'er banks where wild-flowers weave
Thick tapestry; and woodbine tendrils climb
Up the brown oak, from beds of moss and thyme;
The rich deep masses of the sycamore
Hang heavy with the fulness of their prime;
And the white poplar, from its foliage hoar,
Scatters forth gleams like moonlight with each gale
That sweeps the boughs; the chestnut flowers are past,
The crowning glories of the hawthorn fail,
But arches of sweet eglantine are cast
From every hedge. Oh! never may we lose,
Dear friend, our fresh delight in simplest nature's hues!"

I know few saunters more enjoyable than one along by a hedgerow in spring; and when, as you pause and linger in delight over the rich clusters of the hawthorn blossom, a breeze passes, and the ground is whitened with the frail flowers, do not the words of our Saviour come home to the heart—"If God *so* clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

In summer every one values a tree for its shade, as well as for its beauty; but the latter quality comes more into notice in autumn, when, even in this country, there is colouring bright enough to give us some idea of the much boasted-of American "fall." To the real lover of trees, however, their interest does not entirely depart even when "Mart'mas winds" have blown the beauty out of the land-

scape in the eyes of the ordinary observer; for the form, the characteristic form, of each tree is then seen, and whether it be the united strength and grace of the ash, the hardy gnarled endurance of the oak, the sheltering feathery spread of the beech, or the light playfulness of the birch,

"Arching like a fountain shower,"

each has a claim on our admiration; while there still lingers enough of colour in the bark, varied from a purpled hue to a silvery gray, and marbled, it may be, with moss and lichens, to arrest even an unartistic eye. Nor does a fall of snow deprive our home landscape of these beauties; for the contrast between the trees, as they bend beneath or bear up under their feathery burden, is more clearly defined—the evergreens, especially the firs, with their massy flakes of snow standing out so nobly among the bare stems and leafless branches. Even in that universally disliked weather, a thick November fog, I have seen the leafless trees assume a certain grandeur, like giant skeletons looming through the mist, and breaking up the dull uniformity spread over the landscape. Not unfrequently, also, does a sudden frost come on during the night, and lo! the morning light shews all the trees sparkling as with diamonds, the heavy dripping moisture changed to brilliant jewels,—meet emblem of the depressing trials of the Christian, meekly and nobly borne, ofttimes changed to blessings, and "the garment of praise," given for "the spirit of heaviness."

"Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes;
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn seem'd wrought in glass:
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow."

Well may Ruskin say that no one can be far wrong, in way of life or right temper of mind, if he loves the trees enough, adding, "If human life be cast among trees at all, the love borne to them is a sure test of its purity."

To those accustomed to the shade and sense of protection afforded by old trees, there is a strange feeling of interest excited by the sight of a nursery of young seedlings in their different stages of growth. It seems almost as difficult to believe that these trim little rows of plants a few inches high, will ever be the pride and pleasure of future times, as it is to realise that the light-hearted children around us will grow up to be heads of households and protectors of others. Each individual that loves trees at all, has probably some one special favourite, the preference frequently determined by early associations; but whether it be the sycamore or beech, loved because under their shade we played, or the horse-chestnut, whose gummy buds and fan-like leaves were our childish treasures, or the fir and larch, from which we gathered our mimic needles and pins, or, dearer than all, the hawthorn and rowan, with their snowy clusters and "berries red and bright,"—it matters not, the

longer we know and study our favourite, the more do we value it, and the playfellow of childhood becomes the friend of riper years. Few things are more perplexing to the lover of trees than the decision sometimes necessary as to which must be cut down, either in a clump where they are hindering each other's growth, or when a view may be opened out by the removal, or light and air admitted to the dwelling. No one who merely looks upon woods and forests as "timber" to be marked for felling, can understand the hesitation, the alternate changes of plan, the difference between the summer thought and the winter thought of the owner of a few cherished trees; and it is wise certainly thus to ponder, and look at the question on all sides; for cutting down a tree is an irretrievable step. It has been said that every man's trees should be cut down by his neighbour; I know I should be sorry to see the best Samaritan that ever lived with axe in hand among our trees. But when a tree is doomed to fall, it is wise to make its removal now the source of pleasure, instead of indulging vain regrets; and it must be admitted that very frequently its absence does give great additional enjoyment, for, besides opening out a view of distant mountain or extended champaign, there is a peculiar feeling of delight in the expanse of sky now seen. Then the pleasure derivable from one tree is by no means ended when it is cut down; to have it cut up and used as firewood is another interest connected with it, while the gnarled root may be put into some shady corner, primroses and ferns planted in its hollow crevices and around it, so that it

becomes anew "a thing of beauty," and an additional source of enjoyment.

The deeply interesting and curious laws which regulate the growth and form of trees can hardly be explained or understood without the use of diagrams; but if the reader should wish to pursue the subject, most ample information will be found in "Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation," and in the fifth volume of "Modern Painters." Perhaps it may be feared that such details will be dry reading, but it is not so; and the knowledge thus obtained gives such an additional interest to every tree we look upon, that it is almost like the acquisition of a new sense. The more deeply, the more minutely we search into the works of God, the more do we feel that indeed His works are "past finding out;" and when we are told that for His "glory they are and were created," is it not well to seek to understand these His "wonderful works?" One object of this book being to shew how near at hand sources of pleasure lie, if we will but open our minds to enjoy them, I earnestly recommend all lovers of trees, or those who wish to become such, to make themselves acquainted with the many curious discoveries connected with the growth of their favourites; till they have done so, they can have no idea of the added interest they will feel in every leaf, even in the winter-stripped branches and spray. There is, indeed, as Dr M'Cosh remarks, enough in "a pine cone to reward the study, for hours together, of the very highest intellect."

Were I attempting here a history or description of

forest trees, it would be easy to fill pages with the fascinating theme; but I am sure those who love and appreciate well the beauty and variety of interest connected with even one tree, will also be those who will most thoroughly enjoy the grandeur of woodland scenery, and none such, I trust, will return to their own limited grounds without additional admiration and liking for their own trees.

Although the growth of lichens and mosses on trees may be considered a blemish in the eyes of some persons, there is no doubt these plants add to their beauty, especially in winter, from the colouring they impart; and it is curious to observe, that while some of those grow indifferently on tree or stone, others attach themselves almost exclusively to certain species.

> "An oak grew near. . . .
> . . . . . its fretted roots
> Emboss'd the bank, and on their ruffled bark
> Grew plants which love the moisture and the shade—
> Short ferns, and longer leaves of wrinkled green."

Southey, it is true, is here referring to wilder woodlands than the villa-grounds in which I am desirous of seeing trees cherished; and the plants alluded to are probably the pretty little oak fern (*Polypodium dryopteris*) found among the damp mosses at the root of oak-trees, and the broader-leaved and less exclusive hart's tongue (*Scolopendrium vulgare.*) As regards the beauty derived from lichens and mosses, I am glad to be able to strengthen my assertion, by the following remarks of Gilpin, in his delightful work on Forest Scenery. "The variety of

mosses—the green which tinges the trunk of the beech; the brimstone-coloured, and black, which stain the oak; as the yellow, which is frequently found on the elm and ash, are among the most beautiful of those tints which embellish the bark of trees.

"I have often stood with admiration before an old forest oak, examining the various tints which have enriched its furrowed stem. The genuine bark of an oak is of an ash colour, though it is difficult to distinguish any part of it from the mosses that overspread it; for no oak, I suppose, was ever without a greater or a less proportion of these picturesque appendages. The lower parts about the roots are often possessed by that green, velvet moss, which, in a still greater degree, commonly occupies the bole of the beech; though the beauty and brilliancy of it lose much when in decay. As the trunk rises, you see the brimstone-colour taking possession in patches. Of this there are two principal kinds,—a smooth sort, which spreads like a scurf over the bark; and a rougher sort, which hangs in little rich knots and fringes. I call it a brimstone-hue, by way of general distinction, but it sometimes inclines to an olive, and sometimes to a light green. Intermixed with these mosses, you often find a species perfectly white. Before I was acquainted with it, I have sometimes thought the tree whitewashed. Here and there a touch of it gives a lustre to the trunk, and has its effect; yet, on the whole, it is a nuisance; for as it generally begins to thrive when the other mosses begin to wither, (as if the decaying bark were its proper nutri-

ment,) it is rarely accompanied with any of the more beautiful species of its kind; and, when thus unsupported, it always disgusts. This white moss, by the way, is esteemed a certain mark of age; and when it prevails in any degree, is a clear indication that the vigour of the tree is declining. We find also another species of moss, of a dark-brown colour, inclining nearly to black; another of an ashy colour; and another of a dingy-yellow. We may observe, also, touches of red; and sometimes, but rarely, a bright-yellow, which is like a gleam of sunshine; and in many trees you will see one species growing upon another; the knotted brimstone-coloured fringe clinging to a lighter species, or the black softening into red. Strictly speaking, many of these excrescences, which I have mentioned under the general name of *mosses*, should be distinguished by other names. All those particularly which cling close to the bark of trees, and have a leprous, scabby appearance, are classed, I believe, by botanists, under the name of *lichens:* others are called *liverworts*. But all these excrescences, under whatever name distinguished, add a great richness to trees; and when they are blended harmoniously, as is generally the case, the rough and furrowed trunk of an old oak, adorned with these pleasing appendages, is an object which will long detain the picturesque eye."

Besides the lichens which shew a marked preference for certain kinds of trees, many fungi prefer the shade of particular trees to grow under, or attach themselves to their wood when dead, and in some instances add great beauty to the fallen trunks and roots. I remember, in

particular, one (*Agaricus quercinus*) which grew over every part of an oak which had been felled and cut up into blocks; these were used as rustic tables in the garden, and the root part was placed in the fernary. Two or three years afterwards, every one of these pieces was covered by a crop of this curious and beautiful fungus, which grows in fan-shaped masses, each barred by variously coloured and shaded stripes. These fans are at first soft and leathery in texture, and the colour often bright; bands of velvety-purple and green, brown and orange, running toward their edges; they harden with age, and the colours become darker, and run more into the shades of grays and browns, losing partly their velvety look on the surface. I thought at first that this fungus might be peculiar to the oak, but I have seen it since on felled trunks of elms and beeches.*

And now that we have brought our favourites to death, does their interest cease? By no means; for even out of many of our common trees, how many useful and ornamental articles may be made, and how many a cheerful winter evening be brightened by their blaze! The wood of the beech and ash is the best for fuel, the latter burning with

* The following pretty but fanciful allusions to the fungi found in woods is from a description of a woodland walk. by Madame Gasparin :—

"They are a singular race, and full of mystery. There are good and bad among them. I am not speaking of their poisonous properties, but of their outward shape and bearing. Some are delicate, milk-white, planted in circles, as if to mark the spot where fairies danced last night. Others are solitary, blackish, livid, treacherous-

a bright flame, while the larch, from its toughness and compactness, resists the action of fire; so that its wood is recommended for the beams of houses, as a beam of pine or dry oak will be in a blaze before one made of larch will be charred.

The ash is also said to be, in point of utility, little inferior to the oak; it has been called "the husbandman's tree," nothing being equal to it for agricultural implements; while its roots being finely veined and susceptible of a good polish, make beautiful articles of furniture. The lime, box, and larch, claim consideration as the trees used by carvers, engravers, and artists: the first being the wood used by the celebrated Grinling Gibbons for his exquisite imitations of fruit and flowers, wherewith so many old mansion-houses are decorated; the box is used by wood-engravers for the blocks on which their designs are cut; and the larch furnished panels on which Raphael and other masters painted many of their immortal works. Larch will also take high polish, and may be wrought into beautiful wainscot. Elm and elm-roots, walnut, birch, laburnum and yew, all are capable of being wrought into

ooking, planning some crime apart. Those, purple lined with orange, display their magnificent attire in the midst of a crowd of gray knobs, that stand round at respectful distances, pachas in their harems! These, bright as silver, smooth as silk, a satin dome above, ivory gills below. There are some rainbow-coloured, some of pale gold. Whence do they come?—whither do they go? When the mists of autumn hang heavy on the earth, what sun purpled them, painted them sulphur-coloured, gave them their mother-of-pearl iridescence?"

furniture. When I allude to this use of our trees, I do not intend to wander into a history of the art of veneering, or of the craft of the cabinetmaker, but to suggest merely that it may sometimes be found interesting to have some record of a favourite tree; and when this is desired, getting it made into some article of furniture seems one of the most sensible as well as satisfactory methods of securing a memento. The love of having furniture made out of rare or fine wood, is by no means a modern taste, for it is said that enormous sums were spent in this manner by the ancients; and it is said by Evelyn, that when the men at any time reproached their wives for extravagance, they were wont to retort and *turn the tables* upon their husbands. Hence the origin of the proverb of turning the tables upon any one.

Great as the beauty of trees in their leafless state is, it cannot be denied that in the winter season it is to our evergreens we look chiefly both for ornament and shelter, and as these are more dependent upon our care in training, pruning, and cultivating them than our hardier and more independent friends the forest trees, they are generally, I think, regarded by their owners with more affection, and removed with more reluctance. No country residence, be it large or small, should be without evergreens near enough to the house to be seen and enjoyed from the windows, and in sufficient numbers to give a clothed, sheltered appearance. It is true these shrubs are generally of slow growth; but, even when young, there is a feeling of comfort and shelter connected with their green life when all around

is dead and bare; while full-grown plants of laurel, bay, or holly are so universally admired, that little need be said in their favour. The holly is a universal favourite, beautiful alike in shape and foliage; it needs little care, and looks well at all seasons. I confess to a sincere sympathy with the author of the "Manse Garden," in his enthusiasm for the holly. He says of it most truly—"Of all the trees of the forest, the native holly is the most interesting and beautiful. Whether young, as a shrub in the garden, or old, as a lonely tree of the mountain, its glowing, full, and glossy leaves, gleaming in the winter sun, prove the delight of all eyes." Of its culture he remarks—"Nothing that grows will look so smiling and vigorous under the shade of trees. It may be seen luxuriant where it has been chance-sown by the root of an old oak; it never knows what it is to die, under any circumstances; it is peeled by bird-catchers, to whose blackguard calling it seems indispensable, still it lives; age seems unable to secure its decay; it is literally ever green."

There is one peculiar beauty about the variegated holly, the tints of its young and tender leaves; these assume the most delicate shades of white, pink, and green, each differing from the other, and more resembling blossoms in their colouring than ordinary foliage. The young shoots with their bright leaves seem to attain slowly to their more mature colour, sometimes continuing for a whole summer to adorn the tree, and to afford a daily pleasure in watching their progress and admiring their variety. They are as attractive to young fingers as flowers; and one instance is

recollected when a favourite shrub of this variety having begun to bud forth, after having been long deprived of free light and air, was ruthlessly stripped bare by a group of youngsters, who could see no harm in pulling *leaves*, although their consciences and the dread of the gardener might restrain them from plucking *flowers*.

Southey's well-known lines to the holly tree may find fit space here for quotation; indeed, all poetical allusions to our favourite shrubs and trees enhance our pleasure in them, by suggesting thoughts and images, or sometimes a moral, that might never have struck ourselves.

I.

"O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly Tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves,
Order'd by an Intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

II.

"Below a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

III.

"I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralise:
And in the wisdom of the Holly Tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after time.

IV.

"Thus, though abroad I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

V.

"And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know
Some harshness shew,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

VI.

"And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we see
What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree?

VII.

"So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly Tree."

Next to the holly we may place the Portugal laurel and the bay laurel as the most common ornaments of the shrubbery; for though in some situations the arbutus and sweet bay attain a large size, they are more delicate and not so common as those just named. The leaves of the

Portugal laurel are almost as bright and glossy as our favourite holly; its growth is more compact than the laurel, and it is in some respects a hardier shrub, requiring less pruning, and growing frequently to a good size without losing the foliage of the lower branches. This feathering down to the ground is a great beauty in evergreen shrubs, and should be promoted by giving them room and air, as well as by judicious pruning. How frequently do we see fine specimens utterly spoiled by being cut away near the ground, the higher branches being allowed to grow out, till the shrub appears as if it would fall over on the spectator. Instead of this, a large laurel should present more the appearance of a sloping bank of foliage, or rather of a pyramid, with the lower branches down to the ground, and spreading out all round. An evergreen thus grown and pruned is a beautiful object, especially on a lawn.

With respect to the pruning of evergreens, it should be remembered that summer is the proper season for this operation, June or July; but it too often happens that at this busy period, when our gardens are bright with flowering bushes and smaller plants, our winter friends are forgotten and neglected, and so "upright growing sorts get round-headed forms, round-headed ones grow to one side, and all, and much more besides, for the want of the pruning-knife, or of the finger-and-thumb way of stopping, applied regularly at the proper season." So says Mr Beatoun, in the *Cottage Gardener*, where also he gives

the following rules for pruning these valued ornaments of the garden :—

"One of the first fundamental rules in pruning evergreens is this, *the lowest branches should be the longest, whatever the shape of the head may be.* There is not a single exception to this rule that I know of; as soon as a higher branch is allowed to grow out further from the main stem of a tree, or from the general mass of branches on a bush, than the lower branches, a direct error is committed, and if not remedied by cutting in this longer branch, a sure foundation is laid for the destruction of the lower parts of the tree, which will in the long run cause it to get naked below, because the longer branch will shade the others, and throw off the rain from them.

"The second rule is, *no leaf should be cut through in pruning an evergreen.* Clipping evergreen hedges does not come in under the rule of pruning.

"The last rule applies to the mode of cutting. *No cut ends should be seen on bush or tree;* and that is effected by beginning the cut on the opposite side to where you stand, and always cutting with an upstroke, then the cut part will either face downwards or towards the centre of the plant; and if you cut quite close to a lateral branch, or to the bottom of a leaf-stalk, as all good pruners do in the summer, and as all the worst kind of pruners do in the winter, I should like to know how I, or any body else, could find out, at a yard's distance, that your plant had been pruned at all."*

* *Cottage Gardener*, vol. vi., p. 226.

Another of our common favourites is the laurustinus, with its glossy leaves, rosy buds, and snowy flowers. It seems to have proved less hardy than it was once supposed to be, but, flowering as it does in winter, it is too valuable, as well as beautiful, to be willingly relinquished as an addition to our shrubberies. I do not know if there is any reason for the fact that another of our prettiest shrubs is always trained against a wall, instead of being allowed to grow as a bush—I mean the *Pyracantha*, or evergreen thorn; it is alike ornamental when covered with its clusters of white hawthorn-like blossoms, or adorned with a profusion of scarlet berries. It flowers in May, and bears its red fruit all winter, and would certainly be a most valuable addition to the garden or lawn.

In writing of evergreens, the ivy must not be omitted. Alike useful and ornamental, it grows where other plants cannot flourish, and seems equally happy and willing to embellish an unsightly wall or a noble tree; it may be so trained and pruned as to cause dull stone and lime to look like a rampart of living green, or when left to its own freedom, it will wreathe tree or pillar with its graceful sprays, truly repaying

"The strength it borrows by the grace it lends."

I fear the forester may be right when he strips the ivy off, lest it should strangle a young tree; but I am not writing for such, and must plead for and counsel a frequent use of this beautiful evergreen. When planted against a wall, it requires to be pruned every year in April, as, if

allowed to attain to a luxuriant growth, it is apt to be torn off by the wind, and its root-like fibres, when once unfastened, will never cling again: there is no help for it; it must be cut down to where it is still adhering, and allowed to spring again from thence. But when ivy is allowed to grow freely on a tree, or over a paling, it is a much more beautiful object than when pruned down, and its bunches of grape-like fruit add to its ornamental appearance. Advantage might be taken of this climber, especially the Irish ivy, to plant out unsightly buildings, or to form a hedge-like screen, where such is required, by training it in the one case against a tall rough pole, and in the other against a few stakes, when it will run up and festoon with an evergreen garland the dead wood which supports it. In one of the pleasant papers in the *Cottage Gardener*, called "My Flowers," the authoress says—"I do not think the ivy is sufficiently considered as an ornament to the garden. Its rapid growth makes it invaluable where large buildings, or walls unfit for fruit trees, require to be covered; but it is equally useful as an embellishment among shrubs, particularly those which shed their leaves in winter. The dead stem of a tree, with its boughs left on a foot or two in length, clothed with ivy, is a beautiful object, standing in quiet stateliness among the lighter beauties of the shrubbery, with its dark, rich mass of foliage growing richer and handsomer as its neighbours sicken and die. When I first saw an ivy tree I was struck with its beauty and solemnity of look: it gave an appearance of age to the garden, which is also an advantage. Any stump, or rough

pieces of wood nailed strongly together, will do to support this beautiful climber, which wraps itself thickly round its prop, and then hangs in waving masses, covered with its starry flowers on every side."

Ivy may also be used to cover the ground under trees, or on banks, where grass will not grow, forming a carpet of shining green at all seasons. It grows readily from cuttings, and after it has once taken root, it needs little looking after, though, like all other *youngsters*, it requires a little care and training at first starting, and it amply repays the trouble. The following hints on ivy culture are taken from a paper in the fourteenth volume of the *Cottage Gardener:* they will be found useful by those who wish to see this beautiful evergreen thrive; one of the many advantages of this plant being, that it is equally suitable and ornamental in a small garden as on a ruined tower, though, as Mr Beatoun says in this paper, it requires different treatment in those different situations:—

"To have ivy in good order, in dressed grounds, it should be cut every year about the end of April. . . . The great beauty of ivy growing against a house, or on the walls, or on buildings about a garden, is to look as young at the end of a life-time as when the heir was born; but ivy covering an old ruin, or growing up round trees, is never in character if it looks young, or when it is young. . . . Without good management ivy is often a dangerous covering to some walls, indeed to most walls, as, if it is allowed to grow out naturally, on reaching the top of the wall the rain will beat against it, run down the branches, and reach

the wall, then lodge in the mortar seams; this softens the mortar, the roots then get firmer hold of it, and from that time destruction goes on, deeper and deeper, by every succeeding shower, till the wall is a ruin. The other side of the picture shews the ivy leaves throwing off the wet from leaf to leaf, as the slate upon the roof, and all below the leaves is dry; the mortar is thus secured from the weather, and the face of the bricks or stone is so thickly covered by the roots of ivy, in addition to the covering of leaves, that the alternate actions of wet and dry, frost and fair weather, have little or no effect upon it. In short, there is nothing known to us which preserves buildings so effectually as well kept ivy; but *it must be well kept from the beginning.* It must have its yearly pruning, and that from the middle of April to the middle or end of May, according to the season. . . . Cuttings of ivy will succeed, *with proper care*, if they are put in any day from the middle of September to the end of May. . . . There is no plant which pays better for good watering than ivy." The last hint I shall extract from this paper is upon planting out rooted plants of ivy, which may be from six to fifteen feet long; but the advice given here about close nailing of the plant is essential in all cases where ivy is wished to grow up rapidly. If merely planted at the foot of a wall and left to itself, it generally grows into a small stunted bush, or throws out its branches along the ground; it must have some assistance to give it a fair start in life, and that assistance is thus described by Mr Beatoun:—"I may observe in passing, that from the middle to the end of May is about the best time in the year to

plant ivy out of pots. At that time there is no time lost; the bearded fibres will not wither by standing idle—they cling at once to the wall, 'if'—but few things come or go without an 'if'—there are two ifs here—*if* the new ivy is watered thoroughly and liberally for the first two months, and *if* the shoots are properly nailed. No matter how long the shoot is, *every inch of it* ought to touch the surface of the wall, and that can only be done by using four times as many nails as would nail a grape vine of the same length."

It is no small additional recommendation of the ivy to lovers of birds that it shelters them in winter, being truly a

> "Harbour of delight
> For wren or redbreast, where they sit cooing
> Their slender ditties when the trees are bare."

However much our evergreens are valued, admired, and enjoyed in winter, we begin to look eagerly forward in spring to the budding of our shrubs, and who would not feel the blank the removal of these would occasion? Laburnums, lilacs, red and white hawthorns, may be classed, perhaps, rather among trees than shrubs; but, name them as you will, they are still the chief ornaments of the shrubbery. The guelder rose and syringa are also old-fashioned favourites; all these stand their ground even against the graceful *Deutzchia scabra* and rich *Weigelia rosea*. There is a great difference in one year, as compared with another, in the profusion of blossom borne by shrubs, and no one who has not watched for the summer bloom can believe

the loss experienced when it is a "bad year" for the lilacs and laburnums, or the enjoyment afforded by the full rich abundance of massive clusters of lilac and golden shower-like tresses of laburnum, while the snowy balls of the guelder rose and the fragrant flowers of the hawthorn add their charms, and every change of light from morn till eve brings out a new beauty.

The difference observable in the brilliancy and beauty of the colours of flowers as they are seen by morning or evening light is curious. Rhododendrons are especially affected by it, the evening light bringing out, as it were, a fulness as well as delicacy of colour in those beautiful shrubs not discernible in the garish light of day.

During the winter months we are apt to think that the leafless branches of deciduous shrubs spoil the effect of the clumps of evergreens, near or among which they may be planted; but certainly in summer these latter add greatly to the beauty of the flowering shrubs, by the contrast their dark-green foliage makes, especially when the flowers are brought out as against a dark back-ground. Accidental effects of this kind must often have been remarked, such as a rose or honeysuckle which has insinuated itself into a holly, and climbing up till it gets to the air and light, covers the grave austere old tree with gay, bright, and fragrant flowers. But perhaps the shrub that most enlivens these groups of evergreens is the guelder rose or wayfaring tree: the effect of this plant "tossing its balls of foam" across or among the branches of a yew or laurel is most beautiful. Whence it derives its name of wayfaring

tree is not known, but the following pretty lines give a pleasing guess on the subject :—

"Wayfaring tree! what ancient claim
Hast thou to that right pleasant name?
Was it that some faint pilgrim came
Unhopedly to thee,

"In the brown desert's weary way,
'Mid toil and thirst's consuming sway,
And there, as 'neath thy shade he lay,
Bless'd the wayfaring tree?

"Or is it that thou lov'st to shew
Thy coronals of fragrant snow,
Like life's spontaneous joys that flow
In paths by thousands beat?

"Whate'er it be, I love it well;
A name, methinks, that surely fell
From poet, in some evening dell
Wandering with fancies sweet."

Were I attempting to write a book of gardening, it would be easy to give lists of flowering shrubs, many perhaps more beautiful than the old-fashioned favourites I have named; but all I am desirous of doing by these pages is to call the attention to the easily-procured, every-day pleasures of one's own garden. Those who can afford it, and who have gardeners to cultivate their grounds, ought to embellish them with all that is rich and rare; but let no one fancy that a small garden and shrubbery may not be made "beautiful exceedingly," and a source of delight, unless it is filled with new varieties, generally expensive to procure, and difficult to cultivate. I may have

more to say on this subject when I come to write of flowers; but even now I may say that more enjoyment is often derived from a profusion of common shrubs than from a scanty supply of rare ones, to say nothing of the pleasure of being thus able to provide friends with nosegays, ungrudgingly cut.

Spring.

" Spring ! Summer ! Autumn ! Of all three,
Whose reign is loveliest there ?
Oh ! is not she who paints the ground,
When its frost fetters are unbound,
The fairest of the fair ?

" I gaze upon her violet beds,
Laburnums golden-tress'd,
Her flower-spiked almonds ; breathe perfume
From lilac and syringa bloom,
And cry, 'I love Spring best.'"

MRS SOUTHEY.

THE pleasures of a garden begin early in the year, long, indeed, before winter has resigned his reign—before one has begun to experience that

> "Happy, genial influence,
> Coming one knows not how or whence,
> Nor whether going,"

which the first mild air of spring causes to arise in our

hearts. Even in the wild, wintry month of January, there are the points of crocuses and snowdrops to be seen, buds of hepatica beginning to form, and a nameless something in the light that tells of coming spring. It is a true old saying no doubt, that

> "All the months of the year
> Ban a fair Februeer;"

but who that loves a garden does not rejoice in the few mild days sometimes met with in this month—days when the first snowdrop and crocus put out their blossoms, when the first bee is seen, the first warble of the thrush is heard —who can help wishing such weather to continue, or feel otherwise than grieved to find the wholesome severity of frost and snow return upon the newly-awakened earth?

Uncertain and coy as spring is in this country, mild balmy air alternating with sleety showers or boisterous breezes, or worst of all, an east wind of six weeks' duration, still spring does deserve all that poets have written of it, and all that our childhood has felt for it?

> "Dost thou not rejoice
> When the spring sends forth an awakening voice
> Through the young woods? Thou dost! And in that birth
> Of early leaves and flowers, and songs of mirth,
> Thousands, like thee, find gladness!"

It is curious to feel how the love of gardening awakens from its winter sleep at the first sight of a golden mass of crocuses, or bunch of trembling snowdrops, or the tiny rent in the ground through which the winter aconite thrusts up its bent stem and pretty yellow cup. How

instantaneously does the desire start up just to put this bit of the border in order, to rake away the leaves or smooth the clods round this clump, and how pleasant the feeling is of breaking up the soil, crumbly and *sweetened* by the winter's frost, pausing in the work now and then lest you drive the bee out of the crocus-flower, and gently removing out of the reach of the rake the half torpid specimens of *Carabus hortensis* that are sure to be disinterred on the first spring days of gardening. Woe betide them if the bright eye of the robin spy them out ere they re-bury themselves for "a little more sleep and a little more slumber." The first day's work in the garden brings the redbreast from the window-sill to the borders in a very short time, and his presence adds another pleasure to the season and its work. Spring flowers are easy of culture, and no garden should be without a profusion of them: as most of them are low growing, they may have the front row of the borders and the edges of the beds dedicated to them, for few of these favourites like to be shifted. Not many sights are gayer and more pleasing than a small garden in spring with bunches of snowdrops, crocuses, yellow white and blue hepaticas, pink and blue dwarf daffodils, grape-hyacinth, and other species of *Scilla*, and, a little later on in the season, the dog-tooth violet. As all these, with the exception of the hepatica, die down to the root in summer, their places will require to be filled up by low growing annuals sown round them; but the bulbs should be left undisturbed, for it is one of the chief pleasures of spring to watch for the re-appearance of our old friends, to observe

the gradual growth of snowdrop and crocus, from their first appearance above ground as little green points to the swelling and opening of their blossoms; while, on the other hand, the little daffodil, the squills, and the dog-tooth violet surprise us by bursting through the ground, flower and leaf together, almost full blown. Then there are those universal favourites, double daisies, white, red, or pink, set either as borders or in groups, and a very pretty little white saxifrage, (*Saxifraga tridactylites,*) with foliage like clumps of moss, and every blossom of which "keps its ain drap o' dew," and sparkles in the sun. This last-named plant requires to be kept within bounds, for it spreads rapidly, and never seems to object to rough handling, or to require much root. I have seen it torn away from the surface of the ground in hands full, to reduce it to proper dimensions, and the portions thus rudely treated, stuck in in some shady spot, where they grew and prospered as if they had been lifted and replanted with all the usual ceremony. Another very pretty saxifrage is the little red *Saxifraga oppositifolia.* It is not common in gardens, and certainly will not submit to such freedoms as the last named. Its native haunt is the summit of lofty mountains, Ben Lawers being one of its *habitats*, but I have seen it thriving in a Lowland home, and brightening the borders in early spring with its rosy flowers.

> "There, cleaving to the ground, it lies
> With multitude of purple eyes,
> Spangling a cushion green like moss."

I suspect it is somewhat "*dorty*" about taking root at

first, or else some fatality attends my own attempts to rear it, but certainly it dies out here, and the only plant I succeeded in establishing was perseveringly pulled up, day after day, by a tame raven, whenever it came into full flower. Perhaps the colour of the blossom attracted him at first; it is a dull flesh-coloured red: then, when replanted, its fading look might make him think there was a worm at the root; but though I shifted it to another part of the garden, he found it out, and fairly persecuted my pretty plant to death, leaving me to

> "Grieve to find
> That love for little things, by Fate
> Is render'd vain as love for great."

One of our triggest little spring plants is the *Cheiranthus alpina*, sometimes called the small wallflower. It is very easily propagated, for if a plant of it is torn in pieces, every bit will strike root. It grows in neat, compact bushes, flowers profusely, and both it and its orange-coloured cousin, *Cheiranthus Marshallii*, continue long in flower, and have a faint sweet perfume. They are capital bedding-out plants, as well as useful additions to the colours of a mixed border.

The subject of colours in a flower garden is now so deeply studied, and become so much a matter of scientific arrangement, that I dare not add a word on a subject I know so little about; but even in the lowliest plots, great additional pleasure may be derived from a harmonious arrangement of the colours, and much additional interest in planning the best method of getting those flowers

together which contrast well in colour, and bloom at the same time. The dwarf daffodil and the grape hyacinth, for instance, one being pale yellow and the other blue, look well together, and I remember an accidental contrast of these colours that was exceedingly pretty, though it was formed by a large dandelion which had got rooted in a border of gentians, where its bright yellow stars, mingling with the vivid expanse of blue, made such an attractive show that the intruding weed was suffered to remain till the flowers had faded, when it was somewhat reluctantly dug up.

> "Oft sparing what the florist knows
> To be but gaudy weeds."

Another very pretty contrast may be made by planting double yellow and double lilac primroses alternately as a border edging; there is also a common pale yellow auricula, which looks well planted beside a lilac one of the same tribe; blue gentians and common yellow primroses also contrast well; and I have seen nosegays arranged of those last-named flowers, which had a beautiful effect.

Before quitting this subject of the grouping of plants according to their colours, I must refer to the fact that nature herself has in many instances shewn us the example, setting off a purple flower with a yellow centre, or with yellow anthers, and contrasting the red colour not only of our flowers, but of wild fruits, such as the holly and mountain ash, with the green leaves. Some most interesting examples of this natural arrangement of complementary

colours, as they are termed, may be found in Dr M'Cosh's "Typical Forms;" the looking-for and verifying the instances there given add a fresh pleasure to every hour spent among the flowers of the field, as well as those of the garden. Truly, indeed, does he say that, "Surrounded as we are by such harmonies, we are convinced that wherever the mind seeks for them it will discover them; nay, the eye fixes on them when it is not designedly seeking for them, and rejoices in them when it can give no account of the cause of its joy. At the same time, the contemplative intellect experiences a further pleasure, and a pleasure of its own, when it can scientifically explain to itself the source of all this enjoyment, and systematically look out for the pleasing associations of nature." To return to the garden, from which we have slightly wandered, we may give another extract on this subject from Chevreul, one of the highest authorities on colours; he says:—"The principal rule to be observed in the arrangement of flowers is, to place the blue next the orange, and the violet next the yellow; whilst red and pink flowers are never seen to greater advantage than when surrounded by verdure and by white flowers; the latter may also be advantageously dispersed among groups formed of blue and orange, and of violet and yellow flowers."

There are pretty little spring flowers among the phloxes, low growing, and disposed to encroach on their neighbours, but bright and easily cultivated; and one of them, *Phlox frondosa*, makes a nice bedding-out plant when allowed to fill up the bed, flowering profusely, and for a long time.

Any mention of spring flowers would be incomplete without the violet; the double blue certainly needs more care in its culture than the single, but the latter is quite as fragrant, and seems to thrive best when left pretty much to its own devices. Both this plant and the lily of the valley do not object to the shelter of a wall or to the sunshine; a few plants of each may be put in on the southern side of a fruit-tree wall, where they will bloom early, and require little attention; but the violet seems to thrive at the roots of roses or shrubs, and should be allowed to nestle securely there in all out-of-the-way corners. I am not writing a book of gardening advice. I know well that this plan of allowing one plant to grow at the root of another is utterly wrong in a real gardener's idea; but there are many innocent heresies in the art, which give great pleasure, and which I, for one, prefer greatly to the orthodox routine. For instance, it is very wrong, I believe, to admire a mossy lawn, or to allow daisies to spring up among the grass; now both are so delightful to me, that I would not care half so much for the little lawns or grass plots in the garden, if they were not soft with velvet moss, and white as snow with *gowans*. For some days before the fortnightly mowing takes place, it is like the renewal of one's own happy childhood to see the delight with which all children greet the daisy; they

> "Gladly nature's love partake
> Of thee, sweet daisy!"

It is their own flower, the one they may pluck without stint or reproof; for, as the poet says—

"Daisies leave no fruit behind
When the pretty flow'rets die;
Pluck them, and another year
As many will be blooming here."

I would *cultivate* the daisy, did it not spring up everywhere, for this reason, if for no other, that it gives so many happy hours to little hearts, so much work to little hands, adorning themselves with daisy wreaths and chains, worn, it may be, but for a few hours, then thrown aside to wither; the young wearers secure that to-morrow will bring a fresh supply,—hopeful and trustful, as only childhood can be, that the morrow will dawn on fresh pleasures and fresh flowers. Let the poet's malediction be theirs who would uproot the daisy from our lawns—

"May peace come never to his nest
Who shall reprove thee!"

To return to the heresy with which I started—that some flowers may be occasionally allowed to bloom at the roots of other plants—the snowdrop may be named as one which has a peculiarly pleasing effect when thus placed. Among grass it leaves its foliage after the flowers are gone, which has an untidy appearance, as of coarse clumps of grass; but among groups of evergreens and shrubs, or at the roots of trees, snowdrops look well, and seem to enjoy the protection thus afforded them. Primroses, too, have a pretty effect when planted near the stems of large trees, especially if, owing to any irregularity of their growth, there are little nooks where they may nestle and look natural.

It is not always easy to keep up a succession of flowers,

even of the common sorts; but much may be done by never despising any flower because it is common, and by having those common things in greater number, and allowing them to grow to a larger size than a regular gardener will approve of. The following plan for planting a garden seems to promise well in this respect; it is extracted from the *Cottage Gardener*, a work from which all amateur gardeners will derive much pleasure and instruction. The garden described is said to be a "grass-garden," much admired for being so constantly gay:—

"Around every bed, at about three inches from the grass, there is a complete and thick border of crocuses, of all colours mixed—the yellow begin in February, and the purple and white continue till April, closing over the yellow as they wither; and as the beds interlace each other, nothing can be more gay or beautiful than this bloom with a number of different hepaticas and early heaths in the beds. At about six inches within the crocus-hedge, and eight inches from each other, are planted double tulips, (chiefly *Rex rubrorum* and double-yellow;) like the crocuses, surrounding every bed, and being, like them, only disturbed every three or four years, they form thick clumps, with several flowers on each. Between each of these tulip-plants or clumps, and in the same line, are plants of anemones or hyacinths. These are to succeed the crocuses, and form, with a little help from purple primroses, &c., my April bloom. It is not quite so brilliant as my March and May bloom, but still is gay. As these fade, the tulip-bloom in May comes on, and as these close over the fading anemones

and hyacinths, between them they seem to form a perfect hedge of mingled scarlet and gold round every bed, of which the effect may really be termed gorgeous. There are, of course, within the beds a few May flowers to combine with them; and I consider this the most brilliant time. As these fade, all the June fibrous-rooted plants, beginning with early blue lupines, double-purple and double-white rockets, peach-leaved campanulas, (blue and white, double and single,) with small purple Siberian larkspurs, scarlet lychnis, and all those beautiful, but now much-neglected "border flowers," come into beauty; then roses of all colours, white lilies, &c., with annuals or stocks planted or sown near the edges, so as to grow over the vacant space left by the bulbous root-borders; then the autumnal low-growing phloxes, lobelias, and, even in the more distant beds, dahlias, with annuals and hardy calceolarias, last till the frost sets in; and one feels that neatness is now all that can be sought for till spring restores gaiety and beauty once more."

At the end of March, primroses, red, white, and yellow, come in as successors to crocuses and snowdrops. April and May bring daffodils, narcissus, early heath, jonquils, wall-flowers, cowslips, and polyanthus,—all common, but all sweet, all suggestive of spring, all fit for nosegays, and readily gathered; contrasting pleasantly in this with the tiny, low-growing flowers they have succeeded,—to gather which required both time and patience, and sometimes left the fingers half-frozen. These short-stemmed flowers, which can scarcely be put into water,

look well in saucers of damp moss; but I have seen another pretty way of arranging them in a flower-basket, in imitation of a grass plot with beds in it. The tin case with which these flower-baskets are lined is filled with damp sand; over this a piece of turf is laid, small holes being cut into it to allow of the flowers being stuck into the sand. Small bunches of violets, primroses, and snowdrops have a very pretty effect in this toy garden; crocuses do not suit so well, as the warmth of the room makes them expand too much; indeed this tendency renders them unsuited for nosegays, although their lovely colour and early blooming make it irresistible to bring them indoors as ornaments to the drawing-room.

Hyacinths, in water or in pots, are certainly one of our spring pleasures, from the first watching the roots sprouting and the bud swelling up to the full enjoyment of the beauty and fragrance of the flower. Out of doors there cannot be the same enjoyment of them; but a bed of common hyacinths, not too fine to be gathered, is a great addition to the stock of flowers for spring nosegays. Common anemones ought to be in profusion in the garden; the variety of their colours makes each patch of these pretty flowers like a mingled flower-bed, while the finer double-kinds and the ranunculus require more careful culture and separate beds. These "wind-flowers," as they are called, flourish readily, and are all pretty, from the *Anemone hortensis* down to the lovely little *A. nemorosa* of our woods. This last species is sometimes cultivated as a double flower, and few things are prettier than its little white rosettes; but

it is apt to die out, not being so hardy, I suppose, as the single native kind. This is one of our easily transplanted wild flowers, and among grass, and at the roots of trees, it will flourish for years, shewing its delicate white or pink-tinged flowers early in spring.

This endeavour to bring within our garden the flowers of the field or the wood is not always successful, though there are some which thrive well when thus transplanted into a more artificial life. It is very delightful to set out on a bright spring day, basket and trowel in hand, on a plant-gathering excursion; the places where wild primroses, anemones, woodsorrel, and foxgloves grow naturally are always lovely—either woods, whose tender foliage is just beginning to burst, or sunny banks under a hedgerow; and very beautiful it is to see the brown carpet of last year's leaves starred over with the snowy bells of the wood-sorrel, or the drooping flowers of the anemone, while bank and brae are yellow with starry primroses. No thought then of the gardener's rule not to lift flowers in full bloom; the larger and more profuse the flowers, the more eager do we feel to get them up by the root. In a wood among the half-decayed leaf-mould this is an easy operation, but in a grassy bank how often does the primrose tuft come up with half its fibres cut away, the peculiar perfume of the root telling at once the mischief it has suffered. Somehow these little flowers do not seem to suffer from this transplanting, if kept moist and cool for a day or so; it is true, and "pity 'tis, 'tis true," they do not look so fair as in their own native haunts, but the desire to transplant

them is irresistible. We have high poetical sanction for this robbing of the woods to deck the garden, for Wordsworth addresses his Grasmere orchard thus :—

> "Dear spot, which we have watch'd with tender heed,
> Bringing the chosen plants and blossoms blown
> Among the distant mountains, flower and weed,
> Which thou hast taken to thee as thy own,
> Making all kindness register'd and known.
> Thou, for our sakes, though nature's child indeed,
> Fair in thyself and beautiful alone,
> Hast taken gifts which thou dost little need."

Besides this innate desire to transplant wild-flowers, there is frequently a wish to bring away from some loved spot where happy days have been our portion, some memorials of our walks and enjoyments, and flowers seem peculiarly fitted for the purpose. We have thus long cherished bell-heather from Loch Achray, sea-pinks from the shores of Loch Long, primroses and anemones from many a shady nook, and last, but not least, daffodils from Rydal Mount.

Another pleasure in connexion with this love of wild flowers is derived from forming our native plants into a botanical bed, setting aside a portion of a border where nothing but British species are to grow. Some, however, of our friends need caution ere thus introduced, for they are apt to get beyond bounds, and can scarcely be got quit of. Thus I have myself to thank for bringing comfrey into the garden, where it is now a coarse and troublesome weed ; it has no beauty, and was only planted in a botanical bed

because it was a native plant. But what must be said about the lovely white convolvulus?

"The cumbrous bind-weed, with its wreaths and bells."

Alas, that it should be so, but there is not a more destructive plant in a garden, and hardly one more beautiful. It was originally brought into our garden many a year ago, planted and provided with stakes to climb on, and it was not discovered for some time that it was secretly pushing its roots through a neighbouring strawberry bed up towards a wall, where it festooned the fruit trees with its garlands of pointed leaves and snowy bells. There was no possibility of eradicating it, although the strawberry bed was dug up and the original root cast out; but some of its roots are still entwined with those of the fruit trees, and year after year the plant comes up. Undeterred by this, and partly misled by its botanical name, *sepium*, which signifies belonging to a hedge, some small portions of this plant were put in beside a hawthorn hedge which divided a strip of vegetable ground from the garden, under the idea that it would climb amongst the hedge and remain there. Again, however, the same insidious process commenced; it crept underground undiscovered till it reached a wall covered with currant bushes, and there, and also in the intervening strip of ground, it flourished, choking the bushes, and well meriting the epithet, "the cumbrous bind-weed." Yet its beauty is great, both in its graceful manner of growth and its pure white bells; if it would only keep its own place, what a pretty addition it would be to our garden flowers.

Our spring pleasures would be very incomplete without the song of birds and the commencement of nest-building among them. The first song we have is that of the missel-thrush: harsher and shriller than the note of the blackbird, it has yet a resemblance to the song of that bird; it does not repeat each note, as the song-thrush does, and is frequently mistaken for the blackbird, even by persons who profess to know the notes of birds. The blackbird has a much richer, more mellow note, and does not commence singing so early in the year as either the missel or the song thrush. The latter forsakes the garden almost entirely in winter, one being rarely seen; but about February they make their appearance, and begin singing and building some time before the blackbird. The winter song of the robin changes to a more cheerful warble in spring; the tomtits begin even in January to utter their cheerful but monotonous notes; then come the hedge-sparrow and chaffinch, the latter being an incessant singer when once he begins, cheering even the blackest and stormiest March days with his merry note. He is not thought much of as a musician in this country; but Bechstein, in his work on the "Natural History of Cage Birds," says:—"The passion for this bird is carried to such an extent in Thuringia, and those which sing well are sought for with such activity, that scarcely a single chaffinch that warbles tolerably can be found throughout the province. As soon as one arrives from a neighbouring country whose notes appear good, all the bird-catchers are after it, and do not give up the pursuit till they have taken it." He goes

on to discribe no less than eight varieties of the song, remarking that "the song of the chaffinch varies almost as much as the countries it inhabits." This last fact may be observed here also. The song of the chaffinch is peculiar and easily known; but the difference between those of even one country and another is more difficult to describe; it is like the accent or tone by which people are discovered to belong to a place, and is quickly observed by those accustomed to notice the song of birds. I have observed this difference of accent in the songs of other birds: the blackbird and thrush, for instance, sing with a different tone along the west coast of Scotland from what they do here; indeed, each thrush varies in his notes slightly from every other, and it is quite possible to distinguish one individual bird by his song from all the others even in the same garden. The chaffinch, however, is not to be named as a songster equal to these, or even to the robin, though its note is merry and cheering from its association with spring; it is curious to hear them beginning to "record," as it as termed by bird-fanciers. Every spring they seem to require several rehearsals of their song before they can bring it out fully, and occasionally one is heard which has never attained the whole tune. The lark is not a garden bird, and therefore its song cannot be included in the pleasures spring brings within its bounds; but it is impossible to think of that season and its songs without recalling that

> "Bird of the wilderness
> Blithesome and cumberless,"

that favourite of all—peasant and poet alike welcoming

the laverock. Hogg's Address to the Skylark is familiar to most people; Shelley has also written in its praise; and Wordsworth concludes his lines to this bird by declaring it to be

> "Type of the wise who soar—but never roam,—
> True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

The gradual bursting forth of buds and leaves on shrub and tree is a daily source of spring enjoyment; the elder and honeysuckle shew their purple buds early; the lilacs and flowering currants follow with their green buds; each tree and plant has its own peculiar habit and growth—each unfolds its bud after a different manner; and many a pleasant hour may be passed in watching the progress and unrolling of the buds of the various plants, so as to discover the way the leaves are folded up and the manner in which each opens and comes forth. Some leaves, for instance, such as the oak, are folded from the mid-rib, so that the upper surfaces of the two halves of the leaf are applied to each other; in the violet the leaf is rolled inwards towards the middle; in the azalea it is rolled outwards; in the maple it is plaited like a fan; in the tulip tree the point is bent towards the base, and several leaves are packed one within another; while on other trees the leaf is rolled into a single coil. It is interesting to trace thus in every work of God's hand the variety as well as the wisdom and power displayed; but even to those who have not had their attention directed to these illustrations of God's work, the opening spring cannot fail to bring some thoughts of what

it typifies, as well as of the hope its buds give of summer's bloom. Dora Greenwell's lines to "Hope" may be well applied to spring :—

> "It was a dream of Hope; I know the hue
> Of her fresh mantle and her symbol true,
> The leaf! She cannot give the flower or fruit,
> But sends their promise by a herald mute;
> The leaf that comes like one in haste to bring
> The first of all some gladsome welcoming,
> And cannot speak for joy, but with the hand
> Still points and beckons to the coming band."

This joyous, hopeful feeling that springs up in our hearts at this season, when watching day by day the reappearance and progress of our flowers, is well expressed in the following lines by Delta :—

> "Come, hasten ye hither; our garden bowers
> Are green with the promise of budding flowers—
> The crocus, and spring's first messenger,
> The fairy snowdrop, are blooming here;
> The taper-leaved tulip is sprouting up,
> The hyacinth speaks of its purple cup,
> The jonquil boasteth, 'Ere few weeks run,
> My golden sunlet I'll shew the sun:'
> Primroses, an iris-hued multitude,
> By the kissing winds are wooing and wooed;
> While the wallflower threatens, with bursting bud,
> To darken its blossoms with winter's blood.
> Come hither, come hither, and mark how swell
> The fruit-buds of the jargonelle;
> On its yet but leaflet-greening boughs
> The apricot open its blossom throws;
> The delicate peach-tree's branches run
> O'er the warm wall, glad to feel the sun;

> And the cherry proclaims of cloudless weather,
> When its fruit and the blackbirds will toy together.
> See, the gooseberry bushes their riches show,
> And the currant bush hangs its leaves below;
> And the damp-loving rasp saith, 'I 'll win your praise
> With my grateful coolness on harvest days.'
> Come along, come along, and guess with me
> How fair and how fruitful the year shall be!"

Too true it is that sometimes these guesses and hopes are blighted by a late spring frost; the blossoms of the fruit-trees drop off, the flowers shrivel and droop, the very leaves are scorched and blackened, and all our anticipations of the rich beauty of

> "The lilac, and the snowball flower,
> And the laburnum, with its golden strings
> Waving in the wind,"

and of the autumn wealth of fruit, are dashed to the ground. Still, season after season, spring fills us with hope; and well it is that it should do so, for, without hope, who could either watch or work? Both must be done at this season. Indeed, the months of March and April bring so much to be done, as well as to be hoped for, that one sometimes feels at a loss what should be done first; frequently the caprice of the weather must be disregarded, and the work pushed on; for if not done now, it cannot be done afterwards, and we are left to experience the truth of the proverb, "He that will not plough by reason of the cold, shall beg in harvest, and have nothing." In amateur work, at this season, the sowing of annuals is

one of the pleasantest; and if the season be dry as well as mild, some seeds may be put into the ground in March; but in cold, wet seasons, it is better to delay, for no progress is made; the seed either rots in the earth, or comes up in such a weak condition, that the first frosty morning kills the tiny plants. Indeed, annuals sown in May grow so much more rapidly, that they are frequently in flower before the early-sown crops; and some seeds, mignonette, for instance, never come up at all, unless the temperature of both air and earth is higher than it is in early spring. Some attention must be paid as to the depth at which the seeds are sown, as, if placed too deep, they will either die, or remain without germinating, and at all events, these will take much longer to come up than those sown nearer the surface. For small seeds, such as those of most annuals, a slight sprinkling of earth over them is sufficient; but all grow best when the bed on which they are sown is well dug, and the soil pulverised. Self-sown seeds of annuals spring up earlier, and flower before those sown in spring, perhaps because they have generally so shallow a covering of soil; but as they often flower more freely as well as earlier than their cultivated relations, they should be left undisturbed, if possible, when dressing the borders. There are some plants which sow themselves thus so readily, that an introduction into the garden is all they require; then, year after year, they spring up of their own accord, without any fresh sowing being requisite. *Eschscholtzia Californica* is one of these, *Nemophila maculata* is another; common foxglove also spreads rapidly in this

way, and sometimes mignonette springs up where it has been sown the year before. I have seen the plan recommended of forking over the plots of mignonette in autumn, burying the plants, when it is said the seeds will spring up early next year, and produce stronger plants than if sown. Perhaps it is because all our mignonette is gathered for nosegays, the last blossoms being the most prized, that I can say nothing from experience as to this plan; but seeds sown in autumn, if they outlive the winter, certainly flower earlier than spring-sown ones. Something also may depend on the liking some plants have for the particular soil or situation. I recollect the late Dr Neill expressing surprise at the manner in which the large scarlet poppy grew in our garden; it spread almost like a weed, and indeed had to be dug up in some places, while he could scarcely get it to grow, and never to propagate itself by seed. After our seeds are sown comes the pleasure of watching for their appearance above ground, varying, as it does, from four or five days to twelve or fifteen, according to the weather, or the size of the seed. In warm moist weather, there is rapid growth; but the difference made by temperature is of course much more observable, when we compare seeds sown in a hot-bed or stove with those sown in the open air. Some seeds, zinnia, for example, spring up in five days in a stove, while they take from twelve to twenty days in the open air; and in most instances recorded, a difference of at least eight days has been observed.

Let me caution the inexperienced, however, against the danger of weakening the young plants when thus forcing

them. It is not easy to regulate the due supply of air; and if too rapidly forced at first, the plants lose in strength what they gain in length, and do not correspond in their after-growth with their early start in life. I have a lively recollection of an experiment of this kind on a packet of zinnia seeds. The pots containing these were plunged into a heap of mown grass laid aside to decay, and, covered with a hand-glass, they sprang up as fast as heart could wish; but even when exposed to the air, they grew into tall weak shoots, and perished without having put out more than the two seminal leaves. Both zinnias, however, and asters, French and African marigolds, and some others, require a moderate hot-bed to start them; at least they are very apt to lie dormant a long time when sown in the open ground, coming up so irregularly, that half the seed seems to have been unripe. The pretty *Tropæolum Canariense*, when first introduced, used to get little attentions of this kind, but now it is allowed to grow from the first in the open air; and indeed we find our best plants are those that spring up self-sown; of these there is always abundance, as well as of half-ripe seed for gathering. Soaking some seeds in lukewarm water is another means of hastening their germination. Sweet peas, nasturtiums, lupines, and scarlet-runners, all sprout sooner when thus immersed in water for some hours before they are sown. Virginian stock is about the quickest grower of the small annuals, making its appearance above ground almost rapidly enough to satisfy the most youthful gardener:—not quite so soon, my young friends, as the next day after being sown, which, if I re-

member rightly, was the *hoped-for* time in long-ago days. Next comes the little speckled leaf of *Nemophila insignis*, and of Venus's looking-glass; the little blue-and-white dwarf lupine is also quickly above ground, opening its fleshy cotyledons, and unfolding its tiny whorls of leaves, each glistening like a diamond, for every one holds a dew-drop in its heart. Then comes the pleasant task of thinning out where too thickly sown, of weeding, of transplanting such as are to be distributed over the borders, or into beds, and last, but not least, the watering in the calm evening, when all hopes of a shower are over; and one is almost reconciled to the disappointment, because of the pleasure felt in refreshing the parched seedlings with our own hands.

Besides sowing seeds of annuals and biennials, there is much spring work to be done in the way of transplanting and dividing plants that have grown beyond bounds, or are spreading out their runners in search of "fresh fields and pastures new." It is a good time of year to look over the gardens of your friends as well as your own, to see what plants have thus

> "Broken their trim border lines, and stray'd
> O'er paths they used to deck;"

for now is the time to try *bits* of all such, as well as to give them. Many plants struggle out of due bounds from the necessity of getting fresh soil; they send out runners, and form young plants around the old roots, and these are the strongest and best pieces to take up and transplant. If the

whole plant be lifted up and divided, fresh soil should be given to any portion of it that may be replaced in the original situation. Double daisies become single after a time if not thus divided, and new pasture-ground provided for the roots; so do double violets; while mimulas, campanulas, and some others, provide one yearly with young plants to give away, or to make use of in filling up blanks in the borders.

Every one who has had any experience in the common routine of garden work must have observed how frequently flowers that were once plentiful gradually disappear. Sometimes the gardener is blamed, sometimes it is supposed we have given away too many; but I suspect it frequently arises from neglect, if not contempt of common flowers. How often are large clumps of such dug up when they grow too large for the place they are in, and thrown away, because there are plenty more, or they are just common things, or because we cannot be troubled at the time to replant a portion of the root with a little fresh earth; and so by degrees common things disappear from the borders, and many sweet as well as pretty flowers are thus lost, just for want of a little consideration of "common things, and plenty of them." Is it only in our gardens we act thus? Are our common mercies never despised, our every-day opportunities of kind words and deeds never neglected, because they are common, and we fancy we have so many that we may neglect them occasionally, and no harm done?

In the *Cottage Gardener* for February 1850, are some remarks by Mr Beatoun on this subject of replanting our

common flowers. He also alludes to this passing away of even favourites when neglected, because out of fashion; but it is to the last portion of the passage I am about to quote that I wish particularly to call the reader's attention, as it refers to one of the greatest pleasures connected with either gardening or any other pursuit,—namely, that of making experiments :—

"It is very singular, but it is certainly a fact, that many, or say all the summer-flowering herbaceous plants which creep about by their roots, or by stolons, which are underground branches, and not true roots, will flower from twice to four times their natural time, or usual length of time, if they are taken up in the spring before they make much growth, and are divided. . . . . There are a great number of hardy plants in the way of composites, or with aster-looking flowers; and many of them might be had in flower more than double the usual time if they were treated after this manner. I used to know a good many of those old-fashioned plants, and not a bit the worse for being so; but I forget many of them, as one so seldom meets with anything now-a-days which is thought much of, unless it be new, or recently introduced; but I make no doubt about there being numbers of bedding hardy plants, now neglected in botanic arrangements, or in shrubbery borders, and the hint I wish to convey respecting them is this :— When the borders are having their spring dressing, let side-pieces from old patches of herbaceous plants be divided a little, and reset near to the established plant or patch, and let them be looked after for the rest of the season, and see

they have no lack of water, or air, or thinning, or supports, or indeed in any of their needs. Then mark how much longer they will keep in flower than the old plant,—that is, on the supposition that they belong to the section of herbaceous plants suitable for that experiment;—note down the result. Try again and again, if you should fail in every one instance, because you did not hit just on the exact way it should be done at first. There is not a plant in the whole garden that I would let pass at the spring dressing without trying some experiment or another with it, so that I might know as much about it as anybody else, if not more. It must be very tiresome to have to send to the *Cottage Gardener* to ask every little thing one would like to know about flowers; and if so, why not try and learn by experiments? which, if they do not turn out to any good, no one need be the wiser. Depend upon it, the spade, the fork, and the trowel at work on a long border of old plants, could turn up more facts than the pen of the best writer amongst us."

Taking notes of our experiments as here advised is very necessary, if we really wish to profit by experience; for it is rarely safe to trust one's memory while trying experiments, and inaccurate information is worse than none. Old garden diaries have an interest of their own only known to those who have kept such. The comparison of one year with another, as to the time of plants flowering and birds beginning to sing, is sometimes curious from the diversity; but more generally I think one is struck rather with the fact of how short the difference in time actually

is, even between a severe spring or an ordinary one. Records of changes made in the garden, a walk altered, a tree taken out, or one planted, a plot laid down in grass, or a new border made,—all of these, if duly recorded in a garden-book, become matters of interest in after years, all the more when those who then wrought by our side are removed from us by distance or by death, recalling, as they do, happy hours passed away.

Another use to be made of these note-books is marking down what flowers are in bloom each month, and so making a memorandum of what we want as well as of what we have. and taking a note of the time the want should be supplied, whether it be by getting cuttings, or plants, or sowing the seed.

Much foresight of this kind is needed in spring, we are so apt to forget to sow or plant till we see the flower we wish in another person's garden; then comes the temptation of lifting it at a wrong season, and injuring its bloom, or sowing so late that it cannot bloom at all. An early sowing of some annuals is recommended, for the purpose of having small plants ready for bedding out, or for succeeding the spring bulbs. There is one I must mention as both ornamental and useful, from its branching habit, and the length of time it flowers, *Silene pendula*, a neat little rose-coloured flower; it may also be sown in autumn, and planted out in spring.

By the time, however, we get the length of planting out seedlings, we are aware that spring, with its opportunities, is passing into summer. Our early favourites have passed

away, and a blank is sometimes felt between the last blow of narcissus, jonquils, cowslips, polyanthus, anemones, and the first blow of our summer flowers. A few days of drought often come on about this time, the white lilies fade suddenly, and lilac, laburnum, and hawthorn shed their withering blossoms on the ground. We can scarcely welcome summer thus accompanied by the passing away of spring, and mourn its departure as much as we welcomed its approach.

"Sweet season, appealing
To fancy and feeling,
Be thy advent the emblem of all I would crave;
Of light more than vernal,
That day-spring eternal
Which shall dawn on the dark wintry night of the grave"

Summer.

" As now, on some delicious eve,
We, in our sweet sequester'd orchard-plot,
Sit on the tree crook'd earthward; whose old boughs,
That hang above us in an arborous roof,
Stirr'd by the faint gale of departing day,
Send their loose blossoms slanting o'er our heads."

COLERIDGE.

IN leaving spring and entering upon summer the transition is so gradual that we scarcely know whether to class the month of May as the last of the spring months or the first of those of summer; much depends on the weather, but perhaps it is the combination of spring with summer that makes this month so universal a favourite with old and young. In Scotland, however, it is rarely

warm enough to allow of what may be classed as one of the chief pleasures of summer in the garden, I mean sitting out of doors, or rather, living as much as possible in the open air. It is not merely when actually at work in the garden that this pleasure may be enjoyed; but reading, sewing, and even writing may be carried on out of doors, and much quiet enjoyment derived from doing so. I have often wondered why people so seldom avail themselves of this luxury; they will live year after year in the country and never go out except for a walk or a drive,—scarcely even for that delicious indulgence, a saunter, will they move from indoors work or idleness. It must be admitted that one great charm of sitting or sauntering out of doors is, the idleness that yet feels like doing something, and that it is not always easy to think or read steadily in the open air; but for all the usual occupations that we call work, there are few more enjoyable sitting-rooms than the grassy shade under a large tree, and very little practice will enable any one to carry on many indoor occupations in the pleasure grounds.

No doubt it is still more delightful to sit out of doors and fix our tent among the rocks of the sea-shore, or on the thymy side of a hill, among the boulders, or on a fallen trunk of a tree in the deep, cool shade of a wood, with a burn rippling at our feet; but we have not always in our power to luxuriate in such situations, and it is wise and well to be content with such things as we have, and to enjoy the common blessings that lie at our doors. If you have but one tree, have a seat under it,—if you have none,

plant a bower; but whenever our changeable climate admits of it, learn to sit out of doors. When actually in the country, during a long walk or a short saunter, there is a power of selecting fitting resting-places, and some people seem to have a knack of finding the most pleasant nooks, while others seat themselves anywhere, turning their backs on the view, and evidently considering sitting out of doors only as a rest from fatigue, not as an additional source of enjoyment. Some never go to a new place but almost the first thought is where they may sit out in the open air; and, ere two days have elapsed, the out-of-doors drawing-room is as familiar as the indoors.

Bright visions of past days come over me as I write. I seem to see a gray rock half sunk in the grass, shaded by an old holly tree; it lay but a few steps from the cottage door, on a hill-side, and around and beneath it lay stretched the lovely vale of Grasmere, encircled by its guardian hills; or a quiet nook in the shades of Killiecrankie, with the wild Garry rushing beside the half-hidden seat among brakes and trailing brambles, while the timid squirrel would gambol near, all unaware of human onlooker.

> "Beautiful!—
> How beautiful is all this fair, free world
> Under God's open sky!"

In thus placing sitting out of doors as the first of our summer enjoyments of the garden, I am not advocating idleness:—what is meant is rather the carrying on of our work, when practicable, in the open air—light reading and ladies' work are as easily attended to as sketching, and do

not suffer in consequence of the frequent glances of enjoyment cast around, or the interruptions caused by shy visits of inspection by birds. Those who dwell in cities must often wonder that those who have garden ground around their houses should so seldom enjoy it thus; how often, in paying a forenoon visit, do we not hear the remark made that it is a sin to sit in the house on such a day, when

"All things that love the sun are out of doors;"

and how pleasant it is when the visit is paid in the open air, under the shade of the trees, the birds singing around, and the landscape beyond our narrow bounds bathed in summer light. While sitting quietly and alone out of doors, the small birds seem to lose their timidity, and hop near one,—sometimes gathering materials for their nests, sometimes seeking food, sometimes apparently coming to see why you are there, and what you are doing—darting off at the rustle of a page turning, or any sudden movement; while ever and anon the book is laid aside, and the play of the shadows on the grass under the trees, or the passing of the bright clouds above, lead the mind into a pleasing dreamy state. Wordsworth, indeed, alludes to his garden as a

"Happy garden, whose seclusion deep
Hath been so friendly to *industrious* hours."

But I suspect most of us common mortals must confess to our seclusion bringing forth little more than quiet enjoyment. There is much to be learnt, no doubt, in communion with nature; even in "the trim garden's narrow

round," many types of higher things are suggested by almost all the occupations there, as well as by our plants and flowers themselves; some of these, being scriptural, will recur to every one, but it is by no means an unprofitable task to find new analogies and types for ourselves,—it must be a very dull, prosaic mind that does not almost involuntarily do so.

George Herbert says—"Our Saviour made plants and seeds to teach the people. . . . . And I conceive our Saviour did this for reasons: first, that by familiar things He might make His doctrines slip the more easily into the hearts, even of the meanest; secondly, that labouring people, whom He chiefly considered, might have everywhere monuments of His doctrine—remembering in gardens His mustard-seed and lilies, in the field His seed-corn and tares, and so not be drowned altogether in the works of their vocation, but sometimes lift up their minds to better things, even in the midst of their pains."

> "For all that meets the bodily sense I deem
> Symbolical—one mighty alphabet
> For infant minds; and we in the low world,
> Placed with our backs to bright reality,
> That we may learn with young unwounded ken
> The substance from its shadow."

Few people, it is true, can make such use of these symbols as the poets have done to instruct others; but the power of discovering and enjoying these teachings from God's book of nature adds greatly to the pleasure of our work, and occupies the mind while the hands are employed

"dressing and keeping" the garden. Many have no doubt enjoyed the evening in the open air, who yet would never for themselves have drawn the following thought from the closing up of our bright-eyed favourites, the daisies; and yet, when we do meet with such passages in the poets, we feel how much the idea suggested adds to the interest of the simple occurrences around us:—

"Observe how dewy Twilight has withdrawn
The crowd of daisies from the shaven lawn,
And has restored to view its tender green
That, while the sun rode high, was lost beneath their dazzling sheen.
An emblem this of what the sober hour
Can do for minds disposed to feel its power.
Thus oft when we in vain have wish'd away
The petty pleasures of the garish day,
Meek eve shuts up the whole usurping host,
Unbashful dwarfs each glittering at his post,
And leaves the disencumbered spirit free
To reassume a staid simplicity."

By the time the weather permits the sitting out of doors just spoken of, most of our spring favourites will have passed away, and summer's fuller and more plentiful supply will have again appeared. It is a good thing to have plenty of common flowers, every-day favourites—

"Creatures not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food"—

flowers that may be pulled, flowers suitable for nosegays, flowers that seem to grow better for having their blossoms gathered. This gathering of flowers for nosegays, either

for one's self or one's friends, is such a pleasure, that I often wonder at its being so frequently deputed to the gardener. It is true that generally he knows best what to cut and how to cut, he can and does generally tie up a nosegay with an air about it that unprofessional hands seldom can give, and frequently he bestows flowers from greenhouse or garden that the owners thereof *dared* not have pulled; still it is a pleasure to most people to pull flowers and arrange them for themselves, and, with plenty of old-fashioned common flowers, it might be safely indulged in, and the garden be none the worse. Indeed, I remember asking a gardener once some questions about the best season and mode of pruning roses, and the answer was, that he saw few rose bushes flower so well as those in his father's garden, where the blossoms were gathered daily for the market; they needed no other pruning than this, and were always covered with flowers. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth;" this rule seems to apply well to a liberal spirit in our gardening, as well as in other things, so let no one grudge slips and cuttings, or nosegays to less favoured friends: indeed, one needs to have been a dweller in town at some period or other fully to appreciate the value of flowers. There are some kinds of flowers more suited for this free gathering than others—such as honeysuckle; common white, cabbage, damask, moss, and Chinese roses; pinks, at least when allowed to grow into large clumps; and wallflowers: and among annuals, mignonette and sweetpeas. Stocks, at least fine double sorts, are not very available for this

purpose, and the single kind is generally despised as not worth culture; but it is even more fragrant than the double, and, from its branching growth, can be gathered without destroying the appearance of the plant, so it should be sown by all those who love cut-flowers; and even when growing, a bed of it is so deliciously sweet in the evening, that I often wonder it is not more cultivated. Rocket, or dame's violet, is another of the night-smelling flowers, and very beautiful and fragrant it is; the variety called French rocket has a lilac tinge in the flower, and a greater tendency to branch out than the pure white kind; they like a rich soil, and may be propagated by slipping off small pieces in August, or by diverting the roots. Its scientific name, Hesperis, has been given on account of its perfume becoming so much more powerful in the evening; its dark-coloured little relative, *Hesperis tristis*, has this peculiarity in a still more marked degree, without the queenly beauty of the *Hesperis matronalis* to recommend it by day.

> "Mortal! bethink thee—if at close of day
> Both bird and flower their grateful homage pay,
> This in sweet odour, that in tuneful song,
> What thankful strains should flow from human tongue!
> Oh think what noble mercies crown thy days,
> Then be thy life one ceaseless act of praise!"

The evening hour in the garden is enjoyed by most people as a time of rest and quiet; and certainly after we have visited our floral friends, among whom we have been working during the day, and have enjoyed the sight of seedlings and cuttings refreshed with the evening's water-

ing, there is much quiet luxury in sitting still, breathing the fragrance from birch trees and blossoms, and listening to the birds as, one by one, they cease their evening song, till at last the thrush alone is left, nightingale-like, to sing on till dusky twilight soothes even him to sleep. Now, however, begins one of the great pleasures of a garden to those who are lovers of natural history, even if as yet they scruple to arrogate the title of entomologists, and humbly call themselves collectors only. The watching for and capturing moths is the pleasure I allude to, and I fearlessly appeal to any who have tried it whether it is not a most fascinating occupation. Like angling, the charm of this does not lie alone in success, for night after night the hope of making some wonderful capture leads one on, and the patience of the angler is equalled, if not excelled, by the moth-hunter, as he watches and paces about for hours, forceps in hand, ready to entrap his prey. The pleasure of capturing a new specimen is great, so is that of getting hold of an insect newly out of the chrysalis, fresh and feathery; and, however grateful one feels to kind friends who give duplicates, and however pleasant it is to place such specimens in the blank space left for them in the cabinet, it is nothing compared to the delight of first securing a rare insect ourselves, or even of seeing one flying about that we have only known hitherto in collections. I can recall yet the feeling of pleasure experienced at the mere sight of the peacock butterfly hovering over and basking upon the flowers of the China aster; it is rare near Edinburgh, and yet, even to secure an undoubted Scotch

specimen, I could not bring myself to make a prisoner, or put to death, our beautiful visitor. Moth-hunting may sometimes be successfully carried on indoors on a summer evening, the light in the sitting-rooms attracting them in at the open windows; but unless the lights are shaded by glass, the moths are apt to injure themselves so as to be useless as specimens—a consideration that seems to weigh very little with these infatuated insects.

But it is time we turn from these desultory uses and enjoyments of the garden, to some notice of the more practical parts of gardening; although all we can attempt to do, is merely to suggest some few favourite flowers, and give a slight notice of their culture.

The early part of summer is a very busy time, when the task of filling up beds with the small seedlings or other *bedding-out* plants commences. In most gardens, some of the beds have been filled with early tulips, hyacinths, ranunculuses, &c., &c. Some of these may scarcely be ready for removal in June, when the summer planting-out commences. The roots must be very carefully lifted, the foliage as little injured as possible, and the plants or bulbs should be buried in sand till the leaves decay, before drying the roots for storing them away. The beds must then be dug up, fresh compost added, and the plants put in, gently watered, and pegged down, or tied to stakes, as they may require. Annuals for these beds must of course be sown in spring, so as to be ready for planting-out now, and, as a general rule, the small seedlings may be planted pretty thickly, as some die out and leave unsightly blanks.

About the prettiest annual for bedding out is *Saponaria calabrica*, the deep-blue lobelia is another little beauty, the small red nasturtium called Thom Thumb makes a gay bed, and lasts long in flower; and there is also a beautiful crimson flox, *Linum rubrum*, which is a fine contrast of colour to the lobelia. Without going into the regular science of arranging beds in coloured masses, there is still room in the smallest parterres for planting harmonious colours together, and avoiding the error of placing crimson and scarlet, or blue and lilac, beside each other. Scarlet geraniums are frequently planted along with yellow calceolarias or blue salvias, but I think they form a much more pleasing contrast with white jacobea, or double fever-few; the grey lilac of the heliotrope also contrasts well with the bright scarlet, especially when the flowers are gathered for a nosegay; but, as a matter of taste, I prefer the geranium alone in a bed, or mingled with white flowers.

In sowing annuals where they are to remain in patches in the borders, it is not easy to sow some of the small seeds thinly, and some resolution is required to thin the seedlings out after they have sprung up. It must be done, however, or the flowers will be poor, scanty, and soon over; whereas in a well thinned-out bed, where the plants get air and room, they will last much longer in flower, as well as look much better. All that are thus weeded out need not be thrown away; some may be transplanted to other parts of the border, where they will continue in bloom longer than those left in the original bed. Some annuals seem to have

greater facility in sowing themselves than others; the little plants thus self-sown come up in the spring: they may then either be transplanted or left where they are, and they will flower earlier and better than those sown by the hand. It is years since we have sown *Eschscholtzia Californica*, the beds and borders have been altered and dug again and again, and yet, year after year, it springs up in all parts of the garden, and brightens the borders with its golden flowers, more like tropical butterflies than blossoms. *Nemophila maculata*, too, which was thought so much of some seasons ago, grows like a weed in all the beds where it was originally sown, as the little seedlings, when transplanted, grow into handsome spreading plants. One of the most determined instances of an annual thus establishing itself, and actually overrunning the ground, occurred in one portion of the garden, where some beds, separated by gravel walks, made a small separate garden. In 1854, a bed of a small silene-like annual was sown here: the flowers were thought insignificant, though bright, so it was never resown; next year seedlings appeared all over the plots, and, even after being well weeded out, made a gay show in autumn; year after year they came up, till two years ago, when the little garden was remodelled, laid down in turf, and beds cut out in different places. Last summer (1862) there was the plant springing up, as vigorously as ever, in a bed of roses, and there it got leave to remain and flower undisturbed, its perseverance entitling it to rank as an old friend, and not merely as an annual.

No garden, however small, can get on without annuals;

their number and variety are endless; but as many of them, if properly treated and planted out, make more show, and flower better, than when sown and left in clumps, there is no need of taking up much ground with them. Some species look well even as single plants, branching out and flowering in an independent free way, quite as handsomely as some biennials. *Clarkia pulchella*, blue and yellow lupines, purple candytuft, and the large everlastings, seem to like occasionally thus to be left alone in their glory. "Sow thick, thin in time," is said to be a golden rule in cultivating annuals; the thinning should be performed in damp weather, if possible, and the thinnings-out may be transplanted into a separate bed. The sowing of these plants may and ought to be carried on from February till September, so as to have a succession for planting out; indeed, in one of Mr Beatoun's papers in the *Cottage Gardener*, he goes so far as to say, "I am now convinced that not one of them" (he is treating of annuals) "should ever be allowed to flower without being transplanted, except the mignonette, and two or three others." Further allusion will be made to this subject when we come to our garden work and pleasures in autumn and winter; but if we wish annuals to flower in winter, they must be sown from April till June, and potted off singly or by threes when they spring up. The autumn-sown seeds and self-sown plants springing up in the borders come early into flower, and one use to be made of these is the filling up of blank spaces in the beds when summer half-hardy plants are scarce. Mr Beatoun says, "Flower-beds which were planted properly last May will now (July,) or very

bed as if they were set by hand; a bed with equal numbers of the two was gay, of couse, but appeared as nothing to the striking effect of the former mixture. A less number of the blue does not answer at all. I hope every one who delights in the simple combinations that can be produced by very simple flowers, will try a bed of these two pretty annuals next spring; the seeds of both may be sown any day in August. Those that I saw were from self-sown seeds last July, but if we had had a hard winter they must have perished, as they were strong plants by the end of October." In planting beds of annuals, the distances between each plant depend on its habit of growth; thus while nine inches are recommended above as the proper distance between the *Nemophilas*, three inches are sufficient for *Lobelia ramosa*, six inches for *Lobelia gracilis* and *Sanvitalia procumbens*, four inches for *Clarkia pulchella*, while the pretty little *Saponaria Calabrica* may be planted nine inches apart, and *Convolvulus minor* and *Eschscholtzia*, ten.

Another branch of the culture of flowers that has a charm about it, felt alike by gardeners and amateurs, is striking cuttings. The pleasure of success is greater than in merely seeing seeds springing up, the plants are more permanent possessions, and we feel more as if our own skill had brought about the successful result. Although the gentle warmth of a hotbed is essential to the striking root of many cuttings, and an advantage to all, both in point of security and celerity, yet there are many of our favourites that will take root in the open border, or under a hand-glass; so that, with a little care and attention to keeping

the cuttings moist and partly shaded, this pleasant part of gardening may be enjoyed by those who have neither hotbeds nor gardeners to assist them.

In preparing a bed for cuttings, the soil should be made fine and mixed with sand, gently and thoroughly watered before the cuttings are put in. The north side of a wall is a good situation for such a bed, though, if proper shade can be secured, the warmth of a south border accelerates the rooting. Pansies, pinks, roses, rockets, snapdragons, fuschias, indeed almost all the common shrubby and herbaceous plants, may be thus propagated, even by unskilful hands: though many die, the survivors are all the more prized. Let no amateur get discouraged because *every* cutting a gardener puts in lives, while time after time damp, or dryness, or worms, or neglect, or too much care, kill off almost all his little plants—*try again* is our advice. Slips or cuttings taken from near the root of a plant are most easily rooted, generally they should have ripened wood at the base; if cut off just below a joint, they root more quickly than when slipped off with a little bit called a heel adhering to them, but the latter are more sure of success. If cuttings are planted in flower-pots, place them round the sides, so as to touch the pot; they root more surely thus than if planted in the centre; and keep all frames, glasses, and cutting-pots clean and free from mould. I remember trying successfully an experiment I read of: the cuttings were of ten roses, and they were struck in water, which was kept warm by the pot being plunged in a hot bed. The hole in the flower-pot was stopped up by

a piece of cork, the top was covered with stout brown paper, tied down, a row of holes large enough to admit the ends of the cuttings being previously made all round the paper; a larger hole in the centre admitted of water being poured into the flower-pot when the first supply sunk low. The cuttings rooted in about ten days, if I remember rightly, and were then planted in small pots, and kept moist and shady for a few days, till they were accustomed to draw their nourishment from the more solid soil. I remember also that the gardener smiled contemptuously when the flower-pot was placed in his hot-bed; but if my readers wish to enjoy the garden and the work in it, they must learn to bear with equanimity the quiet contempt with which their little experiments will frequently be treated by the initiated: if the experiments succeed, the triumph is all the greater—if they fail, keep your own counsel.

It is often against the will of the gardener that many an old-fashioned plant is left growing, or that some are allowed to spread out into large clumps; but most people who love a garden and flowers, without being florists, will greatly prefer having plenty of common flowers, and large masses of them, to having a few rarities, however finely grown, which they dare not pull, and can scarcely consider as their own at all. I like the old-fashioned plan of having what used to be called a back border; boxwood is certainly the best and triggest for the front, but all along the back of the border I like to see a thick row of primroses or double daisies, forming quite a wreath of flowers; by

placing them there, more room is left in the borders for other flowers, and they will bloom and look gay for many years without being lifted and separated, though that process requires to be submitted to occasionally. Fill up the border with common roses—the old cabbage, the white, the damask,—these old friends used to grow and flower without all the care the new favourites get; keep pretty large clumps of Canterbury bells, columbines, snapdragons, foxgloves, pinks, stove carnations and pansies, and with a judicious mixture of beds of annuals, the borders will be always gay and full. All the varieties of campanulas are pretty, from the old tall Canterbury bells down to the pretty little harebell, *Campanula pumila.* They are easily propagated by dividing the roots, indeed, rather too easily sometimes, for they are apt to run over the borders; and there is one species which is as difficult to get rid of when once it has established itself as either the white bindweed or the rank bishopweed. I have seen a very pretty back border made with alternate plants of the blue and white *Campanula pumila;* and *Campanula Carpatica* and *alba* are recommended for beds and edgings. The seeds are small, and should be only slightly covered with soil; the plants will not flower till the second year, except of course those which are annuals, or those which are sown early and raised on a slight hotbed. One objection to the plan of growing plants in beds being the empty look such have in early spring, or even when newly planted; it might be an improvement, I think, if something of a permanent border were planted round these beds, either of flowers that

bloom early, such as crocuses, snowdrops, or winter aconite, or of some low-growing plant that, even when out of flower, would remain as a green edging. This is a matter of taste, as I believe many people dislike any mingling of different kinds of flowers in beds; but to those who like to have always something coming into blossom, and who have a lingering love for the old-fashioned mixed border, this plan might be agreeable. The edging should, if possible, flower at a different season from the plants bedded out, and be of a compact growth; double daisies, early-flowering heath, *Phlox frondosa*, *Saxifraga hypnoides* or *oppositifolia*, gentians, or stonecrops, might all be used advantageously in this way, as these would leave their foliage when the flowers faded, while in those beds where snowdrops and crocuses made the early edging, their places would have to be filled up by early-sown dwarf annuals, such as *Silene pendula* or Virginian stock.

Too much attention cannot be paid to tying-up and training while the full growth of summer is on our garden; keeping plants in their places is as necessary as keeping people in theirs, and by means of small sticks put in amongst some of the low-growing plants, and pegging down the rambling shoots of others, while the taller plants are tied to proper supports *in time*, the beauty and order of the borders are greatly increased. In tying up bushy plants, use several stakes, if necessary, so as to avoid the sheaf-like look they acquire when tied up tightly to one stake, and do not wait till a stormy day comes ere securing the Canterbury bells, snapdragons, lychnises, and such like,

to firm but slender stakes, or they will be either broken off or twisted out of all proper form. There is a very simple and speedy manner of pegging down verbenas or any slight stems, which I have found effectual :—Take narrow strips of tough bass, about five inches long, put them like loops over the ends of the branches, and push the ends under ground with your forefinger; this holds them down quite as effectually as the small forked sticks, which torment one by snapping off perpetually. Pieces of wire cut into proper lengths, and bent into a hook at one end, are also an effectual means of pegging down; but the bass-matting is easily procured, prepared, and applied. It is curious to mark how much more rapid the growth of climbing plants is when supported than when left to trail on the ground; no sooner does a tiny leaf of the *Tropæolum Canariense*, or *tricolor*, get hold of a proper support, than the plant, apparently rendered secure as to the future, begins to grow rapidly, and soon covers with its graceful foliage the sprays or strings put for its guidance and assistance. The canary creeper will run up to a great height, and forms graceful festoons when trained up the outside of a window and carried along the top, or over a porch or rustic gateway. This pretty creeper seems to enjoy a wet season; it has grown luxuriantly this summer, (1862;) and it may be a useful hint to our readers to mention, that its seeds, when gathered green and dried in the sun or a warm room, ripen by degrees, and are quite good for sowing next spring. The first time I ever saw this plant was upwards of twenty years ago, when a friend gave me three seeds, sent

from Madeira; these were sown in a flower-pot, covered with a hand-glass, and only planted out when summer was fairly established. I knew little about its growth, and was delighted to see the progress these made when some branching sprays were stuck in beside them; and when, by means of strings stretched horizontally, the plants grew up ten or twelve feet high, covered with their little yellow canary-bird-like flowers, we were never weary of admiring them. Both this species and the common nasturtium may be trained up a wall among ivy, where their gay blossoms contrast beautifully with the dark glossy leaves; indeed, in all parts of a garden this mingling of bright summer flowers with evergreens has a good effect. Roses especially shew well when backed by laurels; a row of these flowers, trained as pillar roses, makes a beautiful foreground in an avenue of evergreens—

> "Every flower assuming
> A more than natural vividness of hue
> From unaffected contrast with the gloom
> Of sober cypress and the darker foil
> Of yew."

The mere mention of roses must be enough; for volumes, instead of pages, would require to be dedicated to them. Many of the new kinds flower on so late in autumn as almost to deserve their name of perpetual roses; but, after all, the old-fashioned common Chinese rose flowers earlier and lingers longer in bloom than any of the newer kinds, and no garden should be without plenty of these hardy, trustworthy friends. The first blow of these comes on early

in June, before even the white roses; and though they are apt to be slighted during the fulness and variety of summer's flowers, yet when all our brighter blossoms have left us, the Chinese rose flowers on often till December; and pale and frail as its buds become, we value it then, and never feel the garden or drawing-room perfectly flowerless till the bitter frosts of winter have killed our Chinese roses. But I am anticipating, though, indeed, it is not easy to say what are summer and what are autumn flowers: for many, such as the dahlia, that used to rank among the latter, now mingle with roses and pinks; but if I allow them to trespass on my summer chapter, I fear I will have nothing left for autumnal records. So as Spring glided into Summer, let Autumn gradually take her turn, and, rich in fruits and flowers, "crown the year with goodness."

Autumn.

"Comes next
Brown Autumn in her turn.
Oh! not unwelcome cometh she;
The parched earth luxuriously
Drinks from her dewy urn.

"And she hath flowers and fragrance too,
Peculiarly her own;
Asters of every hue—perfume
Spiced rich with clematis and broom,
And mignonette late blown."

MRS SOUTHEY.

THERE is certainly more difference in our feelings and associations with the beginning of autumn and the close of it than there is between the commencement and the end of any other season; for the end of each of the three preceding, if we reckon winter first, is full of hope, and the commencement (except winter) full of pleasure. Autumn begins gloriously; its flowers are gorgeous in hue, and its

fruits, whether useful to man or merely ornamental, as berries, are beautiful in their contrast with the green leaves.

> "The mountain ash
> No eye can overlook, when, 'mid a grove
> Of yet unfaded trees, she lifts her head,
> Deck'd with autumnal berries that outshine
> Spring's richest blossoms."

In August, September, and the first part of October, the garden is in full blow; we scarcely seem to miss our summer roses, and pinks, and honeysuckles, while their places are supplied by the less fragrant but bright asters, hollyhocks, dahlias, verbenas, late sown annuals, scarlet geraniums, and other greenhouse favourites planted out in the borders.

One of the most beautiful of those early autumn flowers is the gladiolus, either grown in a bed or in clumps: the brightness and yet delicacy of its varied shades of colour, and the length of time its noble spikes continue in flower, unite to make it one of the most valuable additions to our gardens. The roots of the finer varieties require to be lifted before winter, and carefully guarded from frost; but I remember reading an account of the management of *Gladiolus cardinalis* in the gardens of Blairadam, where it was stated that, after the bulbs or tubers had grown to a large clump, they could be left in the ground all winter. Like the dahlia, the roots of the gladiolus are benefited by being started in spring in a hotbed, so as to bring them into flower early in the season, as these flowers are very susceptible to frost, and are apt to be cut off in

one night, when in the height of their bloom, if an unexpected frost comes on.

The jessamine, with its snowy stars and graceful leaves, is another of our autumn favourites; and one cannot help regretting that its place, on wall or house, is now so often usurped by more showy, but less permanent, less fragrant, creepers. Most people associate this plant with old-fashioned houses, and perhaps one of its charms arises from this association, recalling summer evenings in some well-remembered quaint wainscoted room, where the air was perfumed with the sweet jessamine trained around the small windows, and every faint breeze brought its fragrant breath into the room. Our childhood's days, too, are recalled, when, seated on the grass whitened by the fallen flowers, we gathered and strung them as garlands, sweet and delicate, though mayhap neither so fresh as the daisy chains of spring, nor so rich as the rowan-berry necklaces that emulate the coral.

> "O simple flower,
> That sight of thee should waken to this hour
> Thoughts more than tongue can tell!"

There is a disadvantage no doubt in having jessamine trained on a dwelling-house, because in winter it looks dead and dark, and is apt to get filled up with faded leaves; but, in spite of this, I would feel unwilling to banish an old and merited favourite. A similar objection applies to the sweet-scented clematis and the honeysuckle, which resemble bundles of dry sticks in winter; yet would we not feel it ungrateful almost to turn against and discard

them in the "winter of their discontent," when we know what they have been and will be again, if we will but bear patiently, and hope in the dark season?

Carnations are now in full blow, and, either as separate plants or in a bed, they are beautiful; and as they are not very difficult of cultivation, I wonder why these flowers should have gone so much out of fashion. Except the clove carnation, there are few with much perfume to boast of. Their cousin, the pink, far excels them in that respect; but the variety of their colours, and a sort of queenly grace about their tall stems and rich flowers, make them very attractive,—and for cut bouquets in autumn they are valuable, as they keep long fresh in water. In alluding to the possibility of gathering carnations for nosegays, I am quite aware that I am on dangerous ground; the sight of a lady, flower-scissors in hand, approaching a bed of choice carnations, would drive a gardener to his wits' end; but I am writing on the *pleasures* of gardening, and not on the culture of flowers, and certainly, having plenty of common, free-flowering carnations, and sometimes gathering the same, is a source of lawful enjoyment. I admit that it is not so to gather the gardener's flowers, or an amateur's choice specimens, or even to cull flowers at all in any one's garden but your own; *there*, however, carnations may be in sufficient abundance to be gathered, even although a few select specimens may be "tabooed" by the gardener, or grower thereof. There is one kind, of a bright flesh colour, but no scent, which flowers late and profusely; then there are pale pink and pure white varieties, also full

bloomers, but as these last are jagged at the edges, I suspect they are not true carnations. The common deep red kind, though seldom deserving its name of clove, has more perfume than those others, and when allowed to attain to a good size in the borders, it thrives and flowers well with very little attention. I am not competent to treat of carnations, or any other "florist's flowers," as to the real culture; but there are so many treatises on all these, that no one can be at a loss, who really wishes to study the subject; all I wish to do is, to rescue the carnation from too rigid a seclusion, and persuade lovers of flowers to grow it more freely.

The greenhouse plants bedded out in early summer should now be in full flower—scarlet geraniums, heliotropes, verbenas, and lobelias, while the spring-sown annuals, especially China asters, French and African marigolds, and mignonette, will be making beds and borders gay. The time of flowering of these, and of biennials, may be prolonged by cutting off decayed flower-stems and seed-pods; this operation is also necessary on account of the appearance of the plant, and should be carefully attended to; but we can actually get a double crop from some flowers, the Canterbury bells, for instance, if the blossoms are cut off when they fade. At the base of each flower-stem there is a small green bud, which blooms after the withered blossoms have been removed;—the colours are paler, but the plant may be thus kept in flower till October. This pruning, and training, and tying-up of flower-stems is not our only autumn work; for ere the damp, cold

days commence there may be a renewal of spring's pleasant task—sowing seeds; for

"Surely seeds of autumn
In spring-time clothe the ground."

"Select, for the purpose of sowing seeds in autumn, (September is the best month,) an open, airy spot, away from where fallen leaves are likely to gather in heaps by the wind. The soil should not be dug more than three inches deep, and the seed should be sown thin; a deep bed is likely to encourage the seedlings to grow too fast and bulky, and so make them more liable to be cut with frost, and if they are thick in the bed, the one helps to draw up the other, too weak and spindly. The best thing in the world to cover seed-beds in the autumn, is one-half light soil, and one-half finely sifted coal ashes, from which the very fine dust and the rough cinders are taken. The red and white *Clarkia pulchella* are the only two *Clarkias* worth growing, and no winter kills them when self-sown. *Collinsia bicolor* and *C. grandiflora* are the two best of that family; they also are hardy enough to withstand most winters. The two yellow *Eschscholtzias* are as hardy as wheat or barley, and, though not annuals, they do much better if sown and treated as such, first in September, and, secondly, about the middle of April; if they are to be transplanted, it should be done when they are quite young. The blue and spotted *Nemophila insignis* and *maculata* are the best of them, and the whitish one, *N. atomaria*, third best. They all pass over almost any winter, and

come into bloom before April is out. *Eucharidium concinnum* and a seed-sport of it called *grandiflorum*, are among the first gems that ought to be grown in any garden, and they stand a smart winter; to say that they are diminutives of the red or purple *Clarkia*, will give an idea of their size and flowers. *Godetia Lindleyana* and *rubicunda* are as good as they are gay, and as hardy as a Scotch crocus. They are the best of a long list of godetias, and they will be the brighter in flower, and more manageable in plant, if they are planted in the very poorest soil in the kingdom; but, recollect, if so poor, it must be deep and well worked. You might call a hard, dry bank poor, and no annual would get a holding on it, and still it might be so good as to grow an oak. Stinted growth is quite a different thing from subdued growth caused by poor, sandy soil well tilled. . . . *Erysimum Pirofskianum*, a tall yellow flower, like a turnip-flower, when sown in September, planted out at the beginning of March, and trained down to the surface of the bed as it grows, comes into bloom at the beginning of May, and lasts till midsummer, or longer, and, so treated, is one of the very finest beds ever seen in May; but if allowed to grow its own way, you might just as well have a bed of seed turnips. . . . *Lupinus nanus*, (what a pity that gardeners do not sow large breadths of this very beautiful dwarf lupin every autumn!) has quite a different character when allowed to grow on slowly all the winter. It would do to plant out in April, where *Lobelia racemosa*, or any dwarf blue plant, was too tall late in the season. It blooms from May till the

middle or end of August, from seeds sown about the middle or end of September, provided the plants are not allowed to ripen any seeds. . . . *Silene pendula*, *S. compacta*, and *S. Schafta*, are the best of the catchflies, and are always best from autumn sowing. The Virginian stock flowers in April, if sown in autumn, and all the varieties of the branching larkspur, will bloom most part of the summer, if sown early in September."* This long extract gives not only advice for the work to be done at the season of which we are now writing, but it suggests plans for spring and summer planting, carrying our minds forward to those brighter seasons, and so allaying the regret we feel as, week by week, we see our flowers fading away !—

> "Autumnal leaves and flowerets ! lingering last—
> Pale, sickly children of the waning year !
> A lovelier race shall yet succeed ye here,
> When nature, (her long wintry torpor past,)
> O'er the brown woods and naked earth doth cast
> Her vernal mantle."

Another hopeful autumn labour is the planting bulbs for spring flowering. Early in October this work should be commenced, for the weather soon begins to get unsettled; wet days prevent amateur gardening, and so it is wise to take the early part of the month for planting crocuses, snowdrops, scillas, late and early tulips, and, if we like to risk the winter, ranunculuses and double anemones. These last are, however, better deferred till February, as a severe winter kills them, if a wet autumn has set them a-growing.

* *Cottage Gardener*, vol. viii., p. 355.

and they have got their leaves above ground. The only other work that remains is lifting and potting the greenhouse plants, cutting down flowering stems, dividing roots of herbaceous plants, transplanting shrubs, and the usual routine occupations of putting beds and borders in winter order. Stocks and wall-flowers for spring flowering should be planted out now, and everything about the garden premises made and kept as tidy as possible. Still,—look forward hopefully as we will, work cheerily on as we may, and enjoy as we can and ought the many beauties that autumn brings—her bright, clear days, the brilliant colouring of tree and shrub, the rich array of scarlet berries on rowan, rose, and hawthorn,—still, there is no denying that, late in autumn, our hearts feel saddened at the decay and death around us, and most people feel it a season of pensive retrospect rather than of cheerful looking forward. Rain and wind do their wild work among trees and flowers, the walks are littered with damp decaying leaves, and the last lingering blossoms hang wet and heavy on their stalks, and Tennyson's mournfully beautiful lines are realized vividly as we stroll around our garden,—

"A spirit haunts the year's last hours,
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers:
To himself he talks.
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh,
In the walks.
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers;
Heavily hangs the broad sun-flower

Over its grave in the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger lily."

Amid all the decay and death of this season, few things, to the ordinary observer, are more repulsive than the rapid growth of fungi; on trees, on grass plots and borders, these evil-reputed things spring up, adding, by their slimy and poisonous appearance, to the desolate feeling of dreary autumn days. Yet, see what a poetical charm can be thrown around even these by one who, in an earnest study of God's works, has learned to call nothing "common or unclean."

"Fungi are intimately associated with autumn; unrobed prophets, that see no sad visions themselves, but that bring to us thoughts of change and decay. Indeed, so close is this association, that they may be called autumn's peculiar plants. The blue bell still lingers in the sod, and in the woods a few bright but evanescent and scentless flowers appear, but fungi and fruits form the wreath that encircles the sober and melancholy brow of autumn: fruits, the death of flower life; fungi, the resurrection of plant death. This tribe of plants comes in at a peculiarly seasonable time, when the more aristocratic members of the vegetable kingdom have departed, leaving the favourite haunts of the botanist bare and destitute of interest. Their collection in the field, and the study of their peculiarities in the closet, will furnish ample occupation of a most absorbing and fascinating nature during the whole season."*

* "Footnotes from the Page of Nature."

Thus even the damp, dull days of autumn may produce pleasure in our garden, even in what makes it dreary, and it is wise to look on the bright side, and to dwell rather on the changing glories of the season and the clear brightness of its days and moonlight nights, than on the sadder vein which it naturally suggests :—

"Nay, William, nay, not so! the changeful year,
In all its due successions, to my sight
Presents but varied beauties, transient all,
All in their season good. These falling leaves,
That, with their rich variety of hues,
Make yonder forest in the slanting sun
So beautiful, in you awake the thought
Of winter,—cold, drear winter, when the trees
Each like a fleshless skeleton shall stretch
Its bare, brown boughs; when not a flower shall spread
Its colours to the day, and not a bird
Carol its joyaunce; but all nature wear
One sullen aspect, bleak and desolate,
To eye, ear, feeling, comfortless alike.
To me their many-coloured beauties speak
Of times of merriment and festival,
The year's best holiday: I call to mind
The schoolboy days, when in the falling leaves
I saw, with eager hope, the pleasant sign
Of coming Christmas.
. . . . . .
To you the beauties of the autumnal year
Make mournful emblems, and you think of man
Doom'd to the grave's long winter, spirit-broken,
Bending beneath the burden of his years,
Sense dull'd and fretful, 'full of aches and pains,'
Yet clinging still to life. To me they shew
The calm decay of nature, when the mind

Retains its strength, and in the languid eye
Religion's holy hopes kindle a joy,
That makes old age look lovely."—SOUTHEY.

It may seem strange that I have brought the pleasures of a garden on to the end of autumn without reference to either fruits or vegetables, as if it were thought that what tended to profit did not also afford pleasure. Practically, this department of gardening is so generally left to the gardener's care, the results being all we enjoy, that I have not ventured on so extensive a theme :—the culture of fruit and vegetables I feel quite beyond my province and my power.

Yet I by no means despise either, and the garden would lose much of its charm were the ornamental alone allowed to prevail, and our autumn arrive ungladdened by golden fruit; though it is seldom that much benefit is derived from it here, the neighbourhood of a town exposing the garden to the frequent annoyance of juvenile depredators. It is partly from this cause that, for some years, the fruit crop has ceased to be an object of much interest; for as surely as an apple, pear, or plum-tree had been watched from its spring-time of snowy blossoms to its autumn of ripened fruit, so surely was it found some morning stripped and bare. So we took more to the smaller fruits—gooseberries, currants, raspberries, and strawberries; though even on these, the influence of a neighbouring large town prevailed, although in a different way. Fruit and vegetables could be bought at a cheaper rate than they could be reared; so why, it was argued, take up space and time with what can be so easily procured? By degrees, therefore,

flower-beds and grass usurped the room once devoted to the kitchen garden, the fruit and vegetables were shoved aside, and the place, half-grudgingly, left for them, is shady enough to break a gardener's heart. I suspect, however, that this superseding of our fruits and flowers is felt to be a mistake, by our young friends especially. What delight it used to be, in one's own youthful days, to have unrestrained access to an old-fashioned garden, whose wealth of gooseberries, currants, and raspberries seemed inexhaustible, and from whence many a basket of peas, artichokes, or cauliflower was sent to those "in city pent." True, the borders contained little beside the damask and cabbage roses, except sweetwilliams, gardeners'-garters, blue-bottles, and balm; but in those days one would not have given a green-gascon or honey-blob gooseberry-bush, laden with its sweet fruit, for all the gladioli or verbenas that now afford so much pleasure. That garden, with its broad grass walks, its holly hedges, its luxuriant crops, is now no more; its site is covered with trim villas, each with its carefully-kept garden plot, and the owners are, no doubt, happy in this more circumscribed sphere; but those who knew the garden, and its kind owners, may be excused a sigh for the past, and will wonder whether there can be any such enjoyment to the young within iron rails, and among gravel walks, and formal borders, as there was once on the same spot, when we crossed and recrossed the borders at will, and might climb the old mossy pear-trees, and gather what we liked, when we liked, and as much as we liked.

So far as even the *pleasures* of the garden are concerned,

I must admit that theory and practice are not at one; for, if both can be had, fruit and vegetables are a great addition to the enjoyment of a garden; if both cannot be had, then let each choose for himself to which to give the preference; in either case, one is sure of a reward. The mere culture of plants seems to me to bring its own enjoyment, and the successful rearing of flower and fruit admits others to share in the benefit; for is it not one of the highest of our garden pleasures, to have enough to share with those who are debarred from such simple luxuries? Above all, to have an offering to send to the sick,—for truly one must have, at some time or other, lived in a town, or been confined to a sick-room, so as fully to know the value of fresh flowers, or fruit, or even of the more homely basket of vegetables.

Amongst the closing pleasures of autumn is to be numbered the getting our bedded-out plants safely lifted and secured in the greenhouse for next year's use. The possession of even a small greenhouse is a source of great winter enjoyment, and it enables us to keep through that time most of the more tender, and all the half-hardy plants that make the garden gay in summer. Little heat is necessary for these; the fire need only be kindled in frost, or now and then to dry the house, when damp (our great winter enemy) threatens to kill our favourites. Those who have not a greenhouse, may manage to keep the plants alive in frames; but these need to be attended to, both as respects covering the glass in frost, and admitting air daily in fine weather, and, somehow or other, this part of amateur gardening seems generally apt to be neglected.

About the end of autumn is a good time for transplanting and dividing plants that have outgrown the proper dimensions; rearranging the borders, and carrying out any alterations that have been planned during summer. It requires some patience to wait till October or November for these changes, and, no doubt, it is not so pleasant to execute them then as it would be in finer weather; but the impatience that leads one to do things at a wrong season generally brings its own punishment: the transplanted shrubs wither, or get such a check in their growth, that more time is lost in the end by our indiscreet haste. This pleasant part of our work may be prolonged during the fine days of early winter, and to that season we must now turn.

Winter.

" Not undelightful now to pace
The forest's ample rounds;
And see the spangled branches shine,
And mark the moss of many a hue,
That varies the old trees' brown bark,
Or o'er the gray stone spreads;
And see the cluster'd berries bright
Amid the holly's gay green leaves;
The ivy round the leafless oak,
That clasps its foliage close.
So virtue, diffident of strength,
Clings to religion's firmer aid;
So by religion's aid upheld
Endures calamity."

SOUTHEY.

WHEN

"Chill and dun
Falls on the moor the brief November day,"

it does indeed seem as if all the pleasures of the garden were over; we turn our thoughts now to indoor work, indoor enjoyment, and leave our once cherished plots and haunts to be dealt with as wild winter chooses, casting now and then a hopeful thought forward to the first snowdrop

and spring's sweet prime. Still, though we may agree with Wordsworth, that storm and fog

> "Announce a season potent to renew,
> 'Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys of song,
> And nobler cares than listless summer knew;"

we must be allowed to plead on behalf of our garden that its pleasures are not by any means all gone; there is enjoyment still to be had among the bare branches, and on its gravel walks and grassy lawns, by those who know where to look and how to find the kind of enjoyment we speak of. To those who allege that in this drear season there is nothing enjoyable in the garden, I would say, in the words of a writer in a popular scientific periodical—"Have you thoroughly examined all the nooks and crannies, all the shadows and depths, all the surface and substrata of the domain, be it small or great, which you happen to call your own? Are you accurately acquainted with the contents of your own garden?" In observing and studying the subjects connected with the garden—its entomology, its winter botany, its geology—may be found those "nobler joys" referred to by the poet; but even if we have not the desire to carry on such studies, we must admit that some slight knowledge of these subjects would give much additional interest to our garden, where we cannot now linger long, but from whence we may bring in materials for many an hour's pleasant occupation.

There are some peculiar beauties, too, at this season; about the most beautiful of which is the effect of hoar frost. The twigs and branches of shrub and tree are

adorned as with diamonds; but it is among the fallen leaves that rustle under our feet that the most lovely and varied effects of frost's magic fingers must be studied. What a contrast from yesterday, when a dull fog hung around, and the damp, dead leaves lay rotting on the path, noisome things, but to be swept away and perish! A clear, bright morning with slight frost lures you out, and what a change meets the eye! Every brown leaf is veined and bordered as with frosted silver, each bearing a distinct character; some are only edged, some filigreed all over, some curled up so curiously, but all beautiful exceedingly. Not only are the leaves thus transformed, but the broken twigs lie among them like silver rods. All look of desolation is gone from the garden, the bitter breath of frost has clothed with an unexpected beauty the despised things of yesterday; reminding us how often times of trial and sorrow draw forth traits of courage and kindness, unsuspected and perhaps unfelt till now, beautifying many a character we thought had little attraction in it before.

Even in midwinter there come sometimes a few mild days, when the feeling of spring is awakened in our hearts —days which

> "Bring hope with them and forward-looking thoughts."

We walk round the garden looking for the points of snowdrops and crocuses peeping through the dark earth, and longing for the time in which we will be working among them again. If there is anything to be done in the way of transplanting or putting in order, it is as well to take advantage of this

transient foreshadow of spring, and get it done now. Spite of the doom of those who "will not plough by reason of the cold," it must be admitted that there is little amateur work in the garden in winter; and even the pleasure of seeing alterations made and improvements planned in summer now carried out, is much interfered with by the damp walks, the chilly air, and the discomfort of standing still while overlooking the work of another. Still, I must class this watching the progress of work doing as one of the winter pleasures of the garden, even if it is reduced to a short visit every morning, just to see what has been done.

The value of a small greenhouse, or even of a window filled with plants, is decidedly more felt in winter than at any other season, not merely from the shelter given to the plants, but because we are sure of finding something to do among them daily. No doubt patience and hope are the chief characteristics of winter-gardening, indoors or out; but to those who really like to *work* among their flowers, there may be many opportunities of this pleasure. One plant even of *Tropæolum tricolor*, if started in autumn, will afford daily amusement in training its quick-growing, flexible stems over its trellis; it submits to be turned about in any way, and as it is apt to make a rapid spring and get too soon to the top of its support, it requires to be kept low at first, and its stems may even be turned down from the top, when they will begin again quite cheerfully to climb up from the lowest place. In order thus to have some slight garden work in winter, a little

forethought in summer and autumn is necessary; as, if our seeds are not sown, and our bulbs not planted, at the right season, we shall look in vain for this pleasant employment when the dark days come upon us. *Thinking in time* is a most necessary part of gardening work, though not always easy; for in the full blow of summer we are apt to rest satisfied with the present profusion of beauty, and can scarcely realise the dead, deserted feeling of winter, and so neglect to make the arrangements we might for brightening up some of its hours with tending growing plants. One of my favourite winter flowers is the tree mignonette, both from its sweetness when grown, and the work it gives in training and tying it up. Many people lift a plant of this flower in autumn, before it has done flowering, and pot it, when the blossoms linger long, if the seed-pods are cut off as they form; but the little trees I mean are different from this, and yet are so easy of culture that no one who has even a window to set the pots in need be without these plants. I got the receipt for making them in the *Cottage Gardener*, and have never been without several in the greenhouse since; they are easily transferred thence to the drawing-room or to a sick friend's window, and come into flower before hyacinths and spring bulbs, though they last in bloom longer than these, if managed rightly. About the end of April is said to be the best time for sowing mignonette for this purpose, and the soil should be a good rich compost, two-thirds mellow loam and one-third very rotten cow-dung, with a little sand and a few bits of mortar the size of peas. For those

who cannot get this compost, and yet may wish to try this branch of window-gardening, it may be said that the plants will grow in common garden soil, though of course they will not be so luxuriant.

"Take as many 3-inch pots as you want plants, drain them with pieces of mortar, and put over that a little of the roughest of your compost; fill up nearly level with the top of the pot, and place three seeds in the very middle of each pot, and nine or ten seeds all over the surface; if you just cover them with earth it is enough, and press them down very tight. Water them, and put them in the window, and if the seeds are good they will be up in ten days. The moment you see them, give them abundance of air,—no forcing, recollect, for the more haste, the less speed with them. When the day is at all fine, put them outside the window, from ten to three in the afternoon. They will not stand much water; a gentle shower with a rose would suit them very well, and the best time to give it them is in the morning, when you turn them outside, as they will have time to drain and dry properly before you take them in for the night. If the three seeds in the centre come up, it is a sign of success, and the weakest of the three must be pulled out as soon as you can get hold of it,—the rest will also be thinned one-half." The directions then state that you must choose the strongest and most promising plant, when all have grown up a little, and pulling up the others, place a neat small stick beside it, the stick to be about a foot long, and pushed down to the bottom of the pot. When the plant is about two inches

long you must tie it loosely to this stick, and continue tying it as it grows till it gets to the top, when you may give it a taller stick, if you wish a high plant. Whenever side branches spring out from the stem of the tree, nip them off at the second joint, thus leaving the stem with some leaves upon it to assist its growth; "it should look," Mr Beaton says, "as feathery as the legs of a bantam fowl." About midsummer shift the plants into 5-inch pots, and, if they have done well, they may need another shift at the end of July; after that it is recommended to let them alone. During all this time no flowers are to be allowed to form; nip them off as fast as they appear, and allow none to blow till the middle of October, when they will flower all winter. A later sowing may be made for spring flowering, say in June, and the tying-up and nipping-off of these will be winter work; for all the foregoing directions are certainly to be followed in summer, and might have been alluded to in writing of that season.

Chrysanthemums are also winter favourites. They too need summer's forethought and culture, but they grow and flower in winter, and there is something very refreshing in the aromatic smell of these flowers in a season when sweet scents are only thoughts of the past. The various perfumes of flowers are as characteristic as their colours,—some are sweet and faint, suggestive of calm summer evenings; others rich and luscious, recalling summer's sunlight; others are fresh and invigorating, like morning air; while others again, like the chrysanthemum, seem to have something hardy and bracing in their fragrance, as if winter

needed some such strengthening influence, instead of the more enervating sweets of summer.

In window-gardening we must bear in mind that our plants require as much care as we do ourselves in the matter of temperature, fresh air, and light; and this is one reason why they seldom succeed well in sitting-rooms. The windows are opened only in the early morning, admitting frosty or damp air; these are kept closed during the day, and the dust from the fire, and the heat of the gas at night, alike injure the plants. If kept indoors, they will thrive better in a room where the windows can be opened for an hour or two during the finest part of the day, where gas is not burned for several hours every night, and where the temperature is kept at a uniform height. When there is a greenhouse, from which plants in bloom can be brought into the sitting-rooms, care should be taken not to keep them there above a day or two, for, in general, the blossoms drop off, the leaves grow yellow, and the whole plant suffers from the effects of the gas and the dryness of the air. I have heard that if the plants are removed every evening to a room where gas is not lighted, they succeed much better and last longer; but this is a trouble few people care to take, and so the shorter time we keep flowering plants indoors the better.

A greenhouse might be made much more gay than it usually is in winter by a little forethought and care in autumn, so as to have common annuals and small shrubby plants potted in September; many of these would flower in December and January, and might be brought indoors

occasionally to brighten up our rooms. Sow in June and July seeds of *Clarkia pulchella*, *Nemophila insignis* and *maculata*, *Coreopsis tinctoria*, and others,—sow either in pots or on a piece of ground, to be afterwards transferred to pots. These may be "grown either singly or in clumps, trained by placing twigs in the pots, through which the tiny branches may ramble, or arranging small stakes round the side of the pot and bracing them together with a thread, and removing them into the house before touched with frost in November." These will blow during the winter; and being common things, and so probably despised by the gardener, we may have the pleasure of tending them and bringing them indoors when we please. Besides these annuals, we might have in flower, during the winter months, pots of double daisies, heartsease, double primroses, and wallflowers; while in early spring, plants of *Deutzchia gracilis*, *Dielytra spectabilis*, and tree violets, would bring us round to the time when our outdoor enjoyment and work would recommence.

The difficulty is, as we said above, to recollect at the right season to prepare for winter. It would be a good plan to keep a book in which to mark down, under the heading of the different months, what we wished to do in each, so as to be reminded when the time came. There are, of course, such monthly calendars in all garden-books and in most almanacs, and most useful these often are; but a private calendar of this kind would suit each one better, as it would contain only what we happened to wish to recollect. Along with the notice of the work to be

done, might be inserted a reference to the volume and page where the culture of the plant was detailed, which could then be studied anew, if requisite; the progressive work to be inserted under the month in which it was to be done. Thus, for instance, under June should be inserted the sowing of annuals for winter-flowering; in September, we would observe that these should be looked after, thinned out, and placed in a sunny situation; and in November, we would be reminded to bring them indoors, or into the greenhouse.

Unless an amateur gardener makes some such personal calendar of work, the things to be done are generally forgotten at the right time; and even where there is occasional help from a gardener, such a calendar is useful, as the general rules by which a jobbing gardener is guided cannot apply to every garden, at least, if the proprietors have any love for the garden and its work. I remember the amusing dismay of an old man upon being informed that he need not sow spinach between the rows of peas, as not one of the family ate spinach, and so no seed had been got from the seedsman: "it was always sown," he pled; "he had never seen peas sown without it; everybody had spinage in their garden;" and when he found us inexorable, he went grumbling away, evidently believing that the crop of peas that year would be a failure, because he had no spinach between the rows! If you merely wish to be reminded of the routine culture, and require also to see that it is done, the calendar in the almanac may do; but for private use, make a calendar of your own, and don't forget to read it now and then.

In winter, too, summer plans may be laid; beds may be arranged as to what plants are to go into each; schemes and alterations written out, and many a fine morning's saunter among the empty borders and beds may be made pleasant by such "forward-looking thoughts."

Indoors gardening, or window gardening as it is generally called, will, however, be the chief resource of lovers of flowers during the dull dead months of winter. Hyacinths, Van Thol tulips, scillas, narcissus, polyanthus, crocuses, and snowdrops, may all be cultivated in the sitting-rooms, if care is taken to keep them moist by means of moss laid on the pots, or around them, so as to lessen the evaporation caused by the dry air. Snowdrops and crocuses dislike being forced; they are not easily got to flower out of season; but a few pots of them kept cool, and allowed plenty of air, will be cheerful looking indoors, even when their brethren are flowering without, for the weather then is frequently wet and stormy. Much disappointment is often experienced in buying plants in flower, or about to flower, from a nurseryman, from the change to a warm dry room, causing them to fade rapidly; they should be inured to the change by degrees; if brought from a cool greenhouse, they may be kept for a day or two in a *cool*, not *cold*, room, the pots covered with moss, or plunged into it in a basket, and when established in the warm room, they should be kept moist by sponging the leaves occasionally with tepid water. All watering should be done early in the day, and the water should never be given quite cold, as the chill checks the roots. After all, it must be

admitted that window-gardening is chiefly valuable for dwellers in towns or for invalids; and though no doubt these derive both pleasure and benefit from the culture and possession of flowers, it must ever be a less varied enjoyment than the garden is capable of yielding.

If I have succeeded at all, in these simple "Chronicles of a Garden," in awakening any one to a sense of how much pleasure is to be found at all seasons in a garden, however small, I shall feel glad indeed to have been the means of thus shewing that "the lines are fallen to us in pleasant places," and of making the reader enter into the feelings with which Wordsworth thus beautifully moralises on our common pleasures:—

> "Oh, bounty without measure! while the grace
> Of Heaven doth in such wise from humblest springs
> Pour pleasure forth, and solaces that trace
> A mazy course along familiar things,
> Well may our hearts have faith that blessings come
> Streaming from founts above the starry sky
> With angels, when their own untroubled home
> They leave, and speed on nightly embassy
> To visit earthly chambers—and for whom?
> Yea, both for souls who God's forbearance try,
> And those that seek His help and for His mercy sigh."

Our Pets.

"Birds and beasts,
And the mute fish that glances in the stream,
And harmless reptile coiling in the sun,
And joyous insect hovering in the air,
The fowl domestic and the household dog,
In his capacious mind, he loved them all."

WORDSWORTH.

"I bless Thee, Father, that where'er I go
A brotherhood of blessed creatures goes
With me, and biddeth me God speed. For all
Thy mute and innocent creatures take my thanks;
To me they are child brethren without speech
Or sin."

ST FRANCIS D'ASSISI.

The Three Wakenings.

"The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest."

BURNS.

THE pleasure of our garden would be very incomplete indeed without its living inhabitants; whether these include merely the free, but not unknown, birds of the air,

or take in also those more cherished companions, generally known by the term of "pets." No doubt, in a small place, the latter are sometimes voted *plagues*, and it is often pretty evident that our friends so esteem them; so it can only be from the real genuine lover of "pet animals" that I can hope for any sympathy, when I truly and deliberately class "our pets" among "our pleasures."

Every one likes birds. I should be sorry to meet any one who did not; but it is not very common to find those who have the faculty of making *friendships* among their feathered favourites: for, in general, people seem to value birds more for their song than for aught else, and many, too many, value their fruit more than the songsters, and allow a yearly destruction of these creatures to take place, which is distressing indeed to all lovers and friends of the feathered tribes. It is curious to observe how soon birds discover the places where they will not be molested, and how soon many of them shew the confidence they feel in our protection, by building near us, by remaining on the nest even when looked at, and by bringing their young ones, when flown, to our feet to be fed. The blackbird and chaffinch are especially familiar in this way. I have known more than one instance of a blackbird building her nest within reach of the hand, in the roses which covered the porch, or in the ivy close to the window; and, indeed, on one occasion so satisfied was the mother bird with her public position in the little porch, that after her first family had flown, she settled herself again in the same nest and brought out a second brood, undisturbed

by the constant passing and repassing of all, and the frequent pointing her out to friends. This last action, however, I must protest against; the less a nest when known is looked at the better; if it can be seen from a little distance, or by a glance in passing, a *quiet* look now and then will do no harm; but all putting aside the branches, or touching the nest, must be carefully avoided. It was the saying of one who knew well the habits and loved the acquaintanceship of his birds, that "a nest, like a secret, should be known only to one person." So, if you wish to have your pets confiding and secure, don't shew your nests, don't allow any hunting for them to go on, and never allow any one to touch the eggs. There is not only the risk of making the bird forsake if you do, but there is also the danger of letting the nest be seen by the magpies. These cunning egg-fanciers are ever on the alert, and seem to guess that a nest is concealed in any bush to which frequent visits are paid, and the branches thereby displaced. When the birds are hatched, there is not the same likelihood that your looking at the nest will cause the parent bird to leave them; but let no hand be put into it, for it frequently happens that the young birds spring out of the nest when thus frightened, before they are fully fledged, and thus fall a prey to cats, or die of cold. When I see the reckless way a discovered nest is too often treated—shewn to every one—boys allowed to count the eggs—children lifted up to peep into it, holding back the branches all the time, I wonder not at the disappearance and the wildness of the small birds in that place. How differently

have I seen birds and their nests guarded by one who loved them well. I remember a favourite garden walk being given up one spring, because a pair of wood-pigeons had built in a large sycamore near the middle of the path; and another summer, the front door was left open all day, because a pair of swallows had built their nest, so that the bell-wire ran through it, and no one could ring the bell without disturbing them. The swallows never returned; but the wood-pigeons came back year after year, and both the old birds and their young ones became so tame that we no longer needed to avoid passing under their tree, but used to see them pacing about the garden almost like tame pigeons. The chaffinch seems more inclined to form what may be called a personal friendship for some one individual in its free state than even the redbreast; the latter, especially in autumn, is familiar with almost any one, but the chaffinch is not, and those I have known that thus singled out, as it were, one friend, would not come at the call of any one else. What a little tyrant to his gentle master was one that I recall, flying to meet him no doubt whenever he appeared in the garden, but scolding in a loud shrill key if crumbs of bread were not immediately forthcoming; and after his young ones were hatched, it was alleged that "Shilfa" preferred bread and milk to dry crumbs, and most certainly he often scolded on, refusing the bread, till the moistened crumbs were brought, when he would fill his beak and be off to his gaping family. For several summers I have known these birds, (I know not if the same individuals,) establish thus a right to have

their children provided for; and we always knew when the eggs were hatched, by the constant and vehement demands of the cock chaffinch at the open window or in the garden, for a supply of food for them. The hen chaffinch is quieter and less familiar, though she sometimes sits on a branch and scolds for food; but her mate is a regular beggar, and I am sure, like all such, his morals became corrupted, and he disliked the trouble of working for his family, and so brought them up on spoon meat, instead of hunting for flies and caterpillars for them! The chaffinch is rather a pugnacious bird in spring, and, like the robin, he keeps his own *beat*, and drives off others who come to be fed; and both he and the blackbird bring their young ones to be fed after they leave the nest, thus seeking, as it were, to make the friendship hereditary. The young robins, on the contrary, make their own friends; and certainly few birds are more attractive than a little speckled-breasted robin, who comes half shyly towards you from among the gooseberry bushes; and, growing more bold by degrees, follows you about, perching on the edge of the wheelbarrow, and seeming as if he thus attached himself to you more for the pleasure of your society and the superintending of your work, than from any desire to be fed; but woe betide, nevertheless, any luckless insect, however small, that is turned up by the spade—robin is down upon it in an instant, his bright keen eye detecting his prey where you can see nothing. I have heard people ask where all the robins go in summer, for they never see them but in winter: they certainly get shyer in spring; but we have

had robins frequently who continued known to us after the breeding season commenced, the cock taking crumbs under the bushes, with which he fed the hen, she being much more timid. It was the opinion of the late James Wilson that the female robins migrate in winter; in the article Ornithology, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," he says:—"We have a notion that in Scotland the female redbreast is migratory. At least, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, we recognise her not throughout the winter. All the individuals then about our gardens *sing* and *fight*, till, in the month of March, some strangers shew themselves, but do not sing, and are immediately followed and *fed* by the resident males, at which time they (the supposed females) utter a low hissing note, and flutter their wings like young dependent birds. This we have often seen and vouch for."

The first arrival of the birds of passage is always a welcome event to those who like to watch the habits of those feathered favourites; not merely the swallows, (they are not garden birds,) but the willow-wren, the blackcap, the fly-catcher, and redstart, all of whom build in gardens and shrubbery, even when near the house. The two first-named of these birds make their appearance, year after year, almost on the same day, the willow-wren on or about the 28th April, the blackcap on the 2d or 3d of May, after which time, the cheerful song of the one, and the rich, sweet warble of the other, is to be heard all day long, the blackcap singing till late in the evening.

The increase of building round here is, however, gradually

drawing away our once regular summer visitants; the blackcap and redstart are more rarely seen and heard in the garden, and the larks have been long gone from the fields around. The fly-catcher, though not valued for his song, is always welcome from his fearless ways; he will perch close beside you on a paling or pole, darting off after flies and returning to his perch incessantly; and when these birds have a nest, they are very bold in its defence. A pair who built in the ivy at the side of the house, upon one occasion when a tame jackdaw was carried past their nest on the hand of its mistress, darted down and struck at the bird with loud, angry cries. In the autumn the long-tailed titmouse and the beautiful little gold-crested wren used occasionally to visit us, but the suburban character now prevailing in what used to be a rural neighbourhood, will, no doubt, deter these rarer birds from even a casual visit. It is curious to observe how even small changes, within a limited space, affect the habits of the more common birds. Some years ago, green linnets were so abundant in the garden that their nests were to be found in every bush and hedge. By degrees, hedges and bushes were removed from the immediate neighbourhood of the house, so as to obtain more air and space, and for years after, hardly a green linnet was to be seen, and their nests were never to be found. Indeed, there is no doubt that the clearing out thickets, and allowing shrubs to grow freely, though essential to the neatness and order of a small place, is an operation by no means favourable to the building of nests and the secure inhabitation of small birds. If

ever tempted to wish for a larger space than two acres for enjoyment, it is when one feels that in such a small place there can be no neglected quiet corner, or tangled overgrown clumps of shrubs, where our shy pets might safely nestle and sleep in security.

As to "pets," properly so called, it would require a volume to describe those that have been reared, trained, tamed, and fed within the precincts of our small abode. The mere list would appal most people: at different times we have had a succession of dogs, an ichneumon, a coatimondi, monkeys, rabbits, guinea-pigs, mice, squirrels, hedgehogs, and, occasionally, cats and kittens. In the ornithological department, we have had eagles, hawks, owls, cormorants, seagulls of all kinds, silver-pheasants, grouse, quails, ravens, rooks, magpies, and jackdaws; starlings, jays, a cockatoo, parrots, parroquets, pigeons, bantams, and small cage-birds of almost every kind. The chief peculiarity about our pets was their tameness, and agreeing in general most wonderfully with one another. The exceptions to this rule have been the cats, who cannot be trusted with birds or mice; and English terriers, who chase and torment the other animals, though our other dogs have not only been easily taught to live in peace with all the rest, but have frequently made friendships with some of them. The great secret of training and attaching animals, seems to be kindness and quietness, and a certain sort of friendly intercourse with them, which, perhaps, is only understood by those to the manner born. All teazing them, even in fun, should be avoided, if you wish them to trust you and

be gentle. There are individual exceptions in every species, but there are few, either among quadrupeds or birds, that will not soon get attached to the person who feeds them; but they are frequently far more strongly attached to the individual who understands them, and keeps up a quiet friendly intercourse with them. Unless this sort of "rapport" is established between us and our pets, they are (to my mind) hardly worthy of the name; they degenerate into "captive animals," and can neither give pleasure to others, nor be made happy themselves.

The surest way of having cage birds tame, is to rear them from the nest; but, in most cases, this is troublesome, and it is painful to see the little things droop and die after a few days of their strange training. I have, however, brought up many a one, feeding them chiefly on oatmeal and water: green linnets and chaffinches used always to thrive, the only care being to keep them warm, and feed them frequently, giving very little at a time, and beginning to feed early in the morning. One summer I was very desirous to rear the common wren from the nest, but I never could keep the young ones alive after the third morning, though they fed readily, and were easily kept warm in a flannel bag lined with feathers. I tried different kinds of food, once giving nothing but small green caterpillars, but the result was always the same—the eye lost its round shape, and death followed. I tried the experiment four times, and I remember being very sanguine about the last birds I tried. They were just ready to fly when I took them out of the nest, and lived for four days,

flying after me whenever I opened the basket I kept them in, and perching one above another on my spread-out fingers, like little brown humble-bees. The evening they died they were very tame and vigorous; some one having opened the basket without closing the window, my little pets all flew out, and were hopping about a rose-bush, but at the sight of the well-known cup that held their food, the whole quartett flew back to my hand, and were fed and secured for the night. Two died in a few hours, and the others were found dead at three in the morning. I have never attempted to rear wrens since, for it seemed just wanton cruelty. The only soft-billed bird I ever reared was a hedge-sparrow, which was left in the nest after the others had flown from a curious accident. The nest was in a hawthorn hedge, and the bird had got its head transfixed by thorn, so that it could not move. It was discovered in this predicament, and the branch being cut off, the bird was brought indoors to have the thorn taken out. It did not seem to annoy him, for he gaped for food all the time the operation was going on, so it was resolved to keep him and bring him up for a cage. He lived some years, sang cheerily and sweetly through many a winter day, and was a pleasant little pet, though never so familiarly tame as our chaffinches and green linnets. A wheat-ear was another successful attempt, at least it lived till the middle of the winter; it was very tame and amusing in its ways; when let out of its cage, it used to run about the floor, or flit from chair to chair, uttering its peculiar cry, so suggestive of wild moorland and gray crag. This rearing from the nest

requires, however, that the birds should be allowed occasionally the freedom of flying about the room, if we wish to keep them tame and companionable, and it is curious to see how impatient they will get if the usual time for letting them out is passed by, and how contented they are to return to the cage after the indulgence of a bath and a flight.

A lark, reared from the nest, was most resolute in thus urging his claims to get out during breakfast. His bath consisted of a saucer of sand, in which he rolled with great satisfaction, after which he would lie down on a sunny spot and bask on the carpet. It so happened that the only part of the room where the morning sun shone, was generally appropriated by a poodle dog; but "larky" always insisted on room being made for him, and would peck at the dog's feet, and torment him till he rose or moved, so as to leave sufficient space for lying down beside him.

In another rather inconvenient way he shewed his liking for a cozy perch; for, unless watched, he would fly on to the table and crouch down on the hot rolls, giving a little angry scream and pecking at the hand that dislodged him.

The friendships formed between the animals themselves are very curious, and cannot always be accounted for by the usual reason given,—namely, that of solitude. A very tame bantam cock was one of the most friendly birds in this way I ever knew. He had been brought up by some cottage children from his chicken-hood, and never seemed happier or more contented than when lying on any one's lap or carried about, sometimes wrapped in a shawl,

by his young owners. He always shewed a marked preference for human society, making unceasing efforts all the fifteen years we had him, to be considered an in-door pet, coming into the house at every opportunity, and walking upstairs, or into any of the sitting-rooms. For a whole winter he resolutely attempted to settle for the night on the top of a bookcase in the library, and when removed, day after day, he would not remain in either stable or shed, but came back to the house, and slept on the window-sill. At last, to our surprise, "Jupiter," as he was called, forsook the accustomed roosting-place, and it was discovered that during the day, a stray pigeon, not belonging to the place, had formed a friendship with the cock, and the two walked about the garden and fed together. If at any time the pigeon flew up to the roof of the house, the distress of the bantam was great, and his cries for his companion to come down were incessant, and generally proved successful. At first the pigeon flew away at night, but after a while it betook itself to an open, unused stable, and from that time the bantam deserted the window and slept beside the pigeon in the stable. I forget what became of the pigeon, but Jupiter's next friend was a little green paroquet, whose cage used to be put out in the porch every morning. He used to watch for it, and run to meet it, and the paroquet would put down its head to be caressed by him, and the two friends would sit as close together as the cage would permit, billing and cooing like doves. His last friendship was more extraordinary, for it was with an animal rather more addicted to make a meal than a pet of

any poultry he could lay hold of,—the coatimondi. He was generally kept fastened by a long chain to a kennel, and though as affectionate and gentle as a dog to those he knew, yet he would allow no strange dog to come near him, and used to spring at small birds when they came within reach. However, the bantam became recognised, as the dog had previously been, as a companion, and they fed together, and there never seemed the smallest disagreement between them. Frequently, however, one finds among animals a preference for human society to that of their own kind. This is shewn, not merely by dogs, in whom we almost expect to find this friendship, but by birds, especially those brought up from the nest. They seem restless and unhappy when left alone, or only with other animals, and shew a marked satisfaction at the return of any one they are attached to, as well as a desire to attract attention and get a kind word or caress. There is a difference in this respect between not only the different species of animals, but also between the individuals of the same species: some are more confiding and affectionate naturally than others, as all pet lovers, from Cowper and his hares downwards, can testify. Among birds, the raven, jackdaw, some pigeons, the bullfinch, siskin, green-linnet, and chaffinch are remarkable for this personal attachment. I believe I should say some ravens only, for individuality of character is strongly marked in this bird, and there is always a kind of independence about any I have known, that tends to keep them from the somewhat pertinacious style of affection shewn by the jackdaw. Indeed you are

never quite sure whether it is you who are bestowing attention and notice upon the raven, or the raven who is bestowing it upon you! We have had three ravens at different times, who were allowed to live in freedom, and it was curious to see how distinctly these birds knew their own premises, rarely wandering even into the next garden, and how soon each bird learned to know the sound of opening the dining-room window as a signal for being fed. One lived thus for many years, his wings uncut, and perfectly able to fly away if so inclined; he used sometimes to amuse himself by taking a flight, and would soar above the garden in company with the rooks passing by; but whenever a fear entered our minds that he might goo too far off, we had but to ring the dinner bell, the sound of which invariably brought him to the front of the house to be fed. His sense of time was correct, and his punctuality exemplary; both at the breakfast and dinner hour, he was sure to be seen stalking about before the windows, and not seldom was the old raven supplied before either the guests or the family. For several years this bird built a nest every spring, at first in a holly tree, and afterwards in a large cage in the garden where he slept, and the door of which stood always open. While engaged in this work, he or she was certainly a troublesome inmate of a garden, for, not satisfied with gathering all the stray pieces of stick, he would pull up every tally and rod he could find, dragging sometimes large dahlia-poles to his cage, though utterly useless for his purposes. I used to look upon a raven's nest as a sure resource all summer if I required either a tally or

a supply of sticks to tie up plants to, though I did not dare to meddle with it if the builder was present. When the nest was finished and lined with hay, he used to fly to it whenever any food was given to him, never eating it, as at other times,—he had evidently some instinctive feeling that there were young ones depending on him. He had a very curious penchant for black cats: if a stray individual of that colour made its appearance in the garden, the raven used to follow it about, sit close to it if it lay under a bush, perch as near as he could get when it was concealed among the pea-sticks, and even allow it to come into his cage, and, on more than one occasion, to sleep in his nest. The cats, for he had more than one feline friend, were attracted to his house, no doubt, by the supplies of provisions he used to conceal there, as is the habit of this bird; but what his fancy for them was, we never understood, unless misled by their colour, (his friends were invariably black,) he had some idea they were four-footed ravens. Poor bird, his fancy for black animals caused his death at last; for he could not be prevented from attempting a familiar intimacy with a black English terrier. Once it seized him and nearly worried him to death; but, undeterred by this, and by frequent attempts to chase him, he continued to come close to the dog, fluttering his wings, and croaking in a murmuring voice, until in a luckless hour, when the family were from home, the dog seized him, and, ere he could be rescued, gave him a death-gripe.

Jackdaws brought up from the nest are among the most amusing and attractive pets about a garden; they shew

much more personal attachment than the magpie, and are much less tricky and mischievous *out-of-doors;* but they have a great desire to belong to the family-circle, and it is scarcely possible to keep them out, when they are determined to be in, and once admitted, their meddlesome curiosity, though amusing, is apt to become troublesome. These birds have a good deal of character, which is always interesting; they will walk about and amuse themselves among the shrubs for hours at a time, when one wing is cut, but always seem, even then, on the watch for a human companion: for they certainly have a dog-like tendency to associate with any one they are attached to, recognising the individual they prefer, and allowing themselves to be handled and even stroked by that one, while they will snap at any other hand held out. More than once we have had jackdaws so resolutely bent on being house-pets that keeping the lower windows closed was of little avail; they would get in at any open window, and then make their way upstairs or downstairs, as the case might be, to the sitting-room, where they would announce their arrival by cawing till the door was opened and they were admitted to the room. Their thievish propensities are well known; and one great attraction of the sitting-rooms is no doubt the variety of small articles lying about, with which they will (if permitted) fly out of the window. I remember once, when absent from home, residing in lodgings in a country town, being puzzled by the disappearance of a comb from the dressing-table, which stood in the window; the comb was found on the pavement below the window,

but next day it was found on the window-sill, and the articles on the table were all out of their places, and yet no one had been in the room. The mystery was explained in a day or two, when, coming home from a walk, I went upstairs and found a jackdaw on the table pulling with all his might at a large brush, which he had dragged nearly to the window, when my entrance disturbed him, and he flew off, and I heard afterwards that he was a notorious character in the place, though his young master declared this was the first time he had ever been convicted of entering a house with intent to steal. The worst of having any of this tribe domesticated in the garden is, their tendency to seek out nests and eat the eggs: the jackdaw is not so bad in this way as the magpie; nevertheless, we gave up keeping these birds from their inveterate tendency to destroy the nests of the blackbird and thrush. Still somehow or other, Jacky contrived to look innocent on these occasions, and we were always willing to lay the blame on the wild magpies, and let our saucy favourite escape.

The tendency, or faculty, of becoming personally attached to one individual is possessed largely by the parrot tribe, from the large snowy cockatoo down to the brilliant little paroquet. The former bird, from its gentleness and sagacity, is very attractive—much more so than the macaw, which, to my mind, is both ugly and disagreeable, his noisy screams for notice are so obtrusive, very different from the quiet coaxing manners of the cockatoo. Not but what he can make noise enough, too, when he likes: one that

we had for twenty-four years could make his voice heard a distance of two miles off. On a calm summer evening I have heard his harsh cry at that distance, and knew that he was desirous of being taken indoors. His power of mimicry is certainly curious; and though we have no reason to believe that any of that tribe attach any meaning to the words they learn to utter, yet they have certainly some association of ideas with words, which almost looks as if they did so. For instance, in general, when Cockatoo heard any one's name called, he would sometimes repeat the sound, but frequently he would call out "What?" this being almost always done if the kitchen door was suddenly opened and one of the servants called for, shewing that he had observed this answer given there, and connected it with the name being called out. I have not had sufficient variety of experience to determine whether this faculty of imitating and acquiring words varies in different individuals of the same species—whether some have the "gift of the gab" more than others, or whether it is a question of training and education. I incline to the former theory; for I have seen cockatoos who seldom spoke, and scarcely ever of their own accord added either words or sounds to their vocabulary; whereas the one we had seemed to vary his conversation perpetually, having few set phrases, but whistling, singing, or repeating words, according as he heard those around him doing. On the contrary, one paroquet we had, though a most affectionate familiar bird, never uttered a word, or shewed any disposition to imitate sounds, while another of the same species used to talk

incessantly. I have observed the same difference in parrots, and, what is more uncommon, in other birds. The various ravens we have had certainly possessed this imitative faculty in different degrees; some taking pleasure in barking when they heard the dog do so, or in quacking like a duck, while the others remained satisfied with their original gifts, varied as these are. Some canaries have a power of imitating the song of other birds kept in the same cage, while others keep true to their native notes: the siskin readily acquires some notes from the canary; but though the bullfinch can be taught to whistle tunes, and seems to prefer those thus acquired to its own song, I have never known one who imitated the song of his fellow-captives. I remember a tame sparrow who used to make desperate efforts to sing like a canary; failing in this, he would rush at the cage and endeavour to pull off the feathers of the rival songsters—an endeavour in which he was much more successful than in his attempts at melody.

It is a question whether much can be learned from the habits of animals in captivity that might lead us to decide upon their native instincts, for these certainly become curiously modified and even altered by domestication, and this tendency to assimilate themselves to the ways of human beings. The knowledge of time possessed not only by dogs, but by other animals, is one of these acquired instincts, if we may use such a term; and it is no little credit to the punctuality of a family when the feathered and four-footed dependants calculate accurately both their feeding time and that of the return of any daily absent

member of the family, and make their appearance at the proper time.

Among the less generally tamed animals, however, the natural habits are observable, and sometimes are curious and unaccountable. A coatimondi we had for many years had an extraordinary predilection for rubbing any strong perfume on its tail; if a bunch of tansy or fever-few were given to him, he would seize it eagerly in his forepaws, and, seating himself so as to bring his tail into a convenient position, he would then crush and rub the plant all over his tail, sniffing and sneezing with evident relish all the time. Lavender water, or any perfume poured on a piece of paper, was instantly applied in the same way; and one of the few occasions on which he was known to bite, was when a lady, whose reticule he had snatched from her hand, and out of which he had torn her scented handkerchief for this ludicrous purpose, attempted to take it from him, an interference with his toilet which he resented accordingly. There was one other thing also which irritated him: if any one made a chirping noise, he instantly darted at the person, snapping and biting; as gentle and fond of being caressed as a dog, this sound invariably provoked him, and strangers had to be warned on going near him, not to use this method of attracting his attention. His "passive resistance" was worthy of a quaker; on all occasions of leading him off to the stable, after having been indulged with a visit to the house, or a seat at the fireside, when he felt the pull at the chain fastened to his collar, he first resisted, then laid hold of the chain with his forepaws, but

when he found all his efforts unavailing, he lay down on his back as if dead, and allowed himself to be thus dragged unresistingly out of the house and down the avenue. When within a few yards of his kennel, however, he used to start up and run, as if for his life, till he got into it. He never attempted to bite on these occasions; however unwilling to be led off, he might be lifted and carried with perfect impunity; all he did was to manifest his repugnance to the change of quarters in this "anti-annuity tax" fashion of passive resistance. May this not have been a modification of the instinct that makes many animals sham death when in danger?

We have more than once had monkeys as pets; but, amusing as they are, they have more caprice of temper, and are less docile than many other animals that do not *look* so companionable. I think they sometimes get credit for more sagacity than they deserve, from the absurd gravity with which they perform their antics, and from the resemblance of their movements to those of human beings; the manner of using their hands especially has a ludicrous likeness to ourselves, and always seems to strike children with surprise. Both our monkeys were of the same species; and the last one we had was certainly affectionate to those whom it took a fancy to, though apt to take a capricious ill-will even to them, while to others it manifested marked dislike at first sight. During summer, it used to be fastened to a tree in the garden, where it could climb about, or swing by its prehensile tail; but in winter, its health suffered from confinement in a cage, and

it was eventually sent to the Zoological Gardens. It was rather touching to see how instantly he recognised any of his old friends while there, coming close to the bars of the large cage, and clasping his long black fingers round their hands, reluctantly letting go, and following them with his eyes round the room as long as he could see them. He died of consumption, a disease which carries off many of these animals when brought to this country.

The propensity to make pets of live creatures is by no means confined to taming beasts and birds; almost any living thing will do, although no doubt this propensity is most fully gratified when the pet returns the affection bestowed, or even recognises its owner. Many animals, generally considered disgusting, have been made pets of—such as toads, newts, and lizards; indeed, I can recall a summer when a glass globe, usually filled with gold-fish, about the most uninteresting of pets, was converted into a fresh-water aquarium, and all sorts of queer creatures kept therein. It was long before the days of aquariums, so perhaps the novelty was one attraction; but certainly no one entered the drawing-room who did not examine and watch with interest the reptiles and insects living there, an interest the pretty but stupid gold-fish never excited. One large water-newt was an especial object of curiosity; he did not object to being taken out of the water and handled: indeed he had to submit occasionally to be made a plaything of by the children of the family, and more than once he was dressed in a doll's frock and carried about tenderly, the little fat forelegs of the newt being suggestive

of infantine arms! Almost everybody likes to look at tadpoles, little merry black imps, wriggling up and down, some with tails, some with none, some like little balls, others with tiny feet beginning to sprout, always in motion, and always merry, and at last disappearing in some mysterious way, just when one expects to have a dozen or so of infant frogs to dispose of. This disappearance of one's reptile pets is, it must be acknowledged, apt to be annoying, not that they are ever found, but that people will keep grumbling about "these nasty creatures" crawling about the room, and insisting on it that they are dangerous and poisonous, and that they don't like such creatures at large in the sitting-rooms. A lizard with a family of young ones once disappeared in this way, to my great regret; she was kept in a large china bowl, among damp earth, carefully covered in by a glass shade; the mother grew tame enough to take flies from the hand, while the young ones got a spray of a rose-bush covered with aphides shaken among them every morning. They lived thus some weeks, and then disappeared, no one, of course, acknowledging to having lifted the cover, or touched the bowl. This difficulty, impossibility rather, of preventing people from *meddling* with what they profess to be only *looking at*, is a sore subject to most collectors and keepers of curiosities; boxes are opened just for a peep, covers are removed and carelessly replaced, and then the doers of the mischief turn round upon the hapless naturalist and blame *him* for filling the house with creeping things, when he would be but too thankful to have his newts,

lizards, caterpillars, or glowworms safe in captivity again.

This fancy for making pets of reptiles is certainly not very common, and meets with little sympathy; so it is all the pleasanter to find a poet taking the part of these creatures, and drawing a moral from them too :—

"You may love a screaming owl,
And if you can, the unwieldy toad
That crawls from his secure abode
Within the mossy garden wall
When evening dews begin to fall.
Oh, mark the beauty of his eye:
What wonders in that circle lie!
So clear, so bright, our fathers said
He wears a jewel in his head!
And when upon some showery day,
Into a path or public way,
A frog leaps out from bordering grass,
Startling the timid as they pass,
Do you observe him, and endeavour
To take the intruder into favour;
Learning from him to find a reason
For a light heart in a dull season."

Far as my experience goes, the pleasure of petting and feeding the bees has been all I got from them! No doubt there is profit as well as pleasure to be derived from a well-managed apiary; but although it is generally true that

"It's a' for the hinney we cherish the bee,"

I think there is much interest and amusement to be derived from watching the little busy creatures at work, and

making acquaintance as it were with them.* In general, they do not object to any one going *quietly* up to the hive, and sitting by them, to observe what they are doing; they seem universally good-tempered at swarming time, and also when being fed; but no doubt bees, like ourselves, have fits of bad temper, without any reasonable cause that we can discover, and it is prudent to keep out of the way at such times. This state of feeling is generally made known by one bee flying round the person with a shrill buzz, quite different from the usual hum; sometimes the little scold is pacified if the intruder goes quietly off, but at other times it will follow, flying round and round with evident intentions of stinging. I am not quite sure whether an attack of this seemingly capricious kind is made by a bee in a bad humour, solely for its own gratification, or whether it has been set to act as guard, and is merely doing its duty. Give it the benefit of the doubt, and do

* The following quaint account of the profit to be derived from bees is found in a note in Bonner's "New Plan for Increasing the Number of Bee-Hives in Scotland," published in 1795:—"The author's father, James Bonner, was, like himself, fond of rearing bees, and often had a dozen of hives at a time in his garden. He lived above fifty years in the married state, and had twelve children, of whom the author is the youngest alive. He frequently boasted that, in good seasons, he made as much money by his bees as nearly to purchase oatmeal sufficient to serve his numerous family for the whole year. He purchased a large quarto Bible with the wax produced in one year from his hives, which served as a family book ever after; and his house was always well supplied with honey, and a kind of weak mead, which served for drink at all seasons of the year."

not strike at it, but just be off quietly and quickly. It is not easy to avoid ascribing human feelings to these insects after one has been watching their ways; it seems so natural to suppose that they recognise individuals that one is apt to accuse them of ingratitude when they sting the hand that is feeding them, though this they seldom do; indeed, it may fairly be surmised that the busier the bees are, the better tempered are they, and the less disposed to notice or be annoyed by a quiet spectator—a hint this to all idle ones. Something to do, and doing it heartily, is a grand preservative against ill-humour in old and young.

We are getting lower down in the scale of pets when we come to those who merely recognise the hand that feeds them, without being able to shew or feel personal attachment; even this degree of tameness, however, has its charm. But what can be said for a still lower scale of animal life, the zoophytes, and other inhabitants of our drawing-room aquariums? Not the most vivid imagination can suppose a sea-anemone devotedly attached to its keeper, or can fancy any sort of individual character about these animals at all; and although the crabs are most amusing, and well worthy of the records of Lewes, Harper, and others, they belong to a higher order of being, and must not be insulted by being placed alongside of serpulæ and sea-anemones. The mania for drawing-room aquariums is passing away, a proof that it was neither for scientific purposes nor for the pleasure of watching the habits of the creatures confined therein, that they were set up; but to those who have a taste for either of these pursuits, allied as

they are, an aquarium is a source of considerable interest and amusement.

I have avoided all mention of dogs as pets in this somewhat rambling record; the truth is, that these animals are felt to be rather companions than mere pets, at least they may be made so, and I appeal to any one who is a genuine lover of dogs whether I am not right in saying that there is as much difference between a dog who has been made a companion of, and one who has not, as between a child whose heart and mind have been cultivated and one of the sad stray waifs who have never had a kind word spoken to them. Start not, reader, nor think that for one moment I would place a dog, or any animal, in comparison with a human being; but neither am I at all disposed to give in to the somewhat unjust outcry, that a love for pet-animals hardens the heart against our fellow-creatures. On the contrary, it is generally found that those who have this love of, and kindness towards animals, are also those to whom we may look with confidence for all tenderness and love to the weak, the sick, the sorrowful, and the young among their fellow-creatures. It was the advice of one of the most kindly Christian men that ever worked among our "lapsed masses," the Rev. Daniel Wilkie, to train all boys to love pets, it was such a great preventive against the thoughtless cruelty and tyranny so apt to be exercised by them towards all defenceless beings; and if to this it be replied, that there are few things more to be pitied than a child's pet animal, I still say, and will uphold, that it is the loving them, the *petting* them, in short, that is

advised, and that has the beneficial effect mentioned; not the neglecting or tormenting them, which is too often called "keeping pets." So let all encouragement be given to

> "Likings fresh and innocent,
> That store the mind, the memory feed,
> And prompt to many a gentle deed."

It would be easy to cite examples, among all classes, of the great and good, of this love of animals, especially of dogs. Poems have been composed on them, anecdotes collected of them, biographies written of them, all telling of the desire felt by the heart to have something to love and protect that will love in return.

They are to be pitied who have it not, for it is certainly a source of innocent pleasure, to say the least of it; and considering, as an old gentleman used deploringly to say, how few lawful pleasures there are in this world, it is as well to enjoy such as we have.

I began this chapter with the idea of merely pointing out how much the presence and companionship of the animal creation heightens the enjoyment of out-of-doors occupations; but I believe still more pleasure, and solace too, is felt in the society of a pet by the solitary and the invalid. Among the aged poor this is often met with; and harsh indeed must be the heart that would blame them for keeping and feeding what you may deem a useless animal. "It is a kind of company to me," is the touching excuse made by those who, either bedridden or living alone, cherish a pet bird, a cat, or one of these queer

nondescripts supposed to be of the canine race. If there is pleasure in being able to give one's favourites the range of a garden or an aviary, there is more intimacy, more affection on both sides, when the captivity is closer, the sphere of both parties more circumscribed. A bird, tame enough to be allowed to come out of the cage and fly about the room, is a great source of cheerful enjoyment to any one confined to one room, either by a sedentary and solitary occupation, or by the more depressing effects of long illness. Its merry notes, active movements, and confiding trust, often win the lonely invalid from sad thoughts; and even when in its little prison, its cheerful content and half shy attempts at making friends are very attractive. Of course, preferences vary; some may and do prefer a quiet comfort-loving pussy as a room-mate, but it may be from habit and association. I cannot but feel that there is more alleviating pleasure derived from a tame bird by the sick or solitary than from any animal, even a dog. Marked as is often the attachment that keeps a dog beside one it loves, lying quietly for many a long day beside the sufferer,—it feels more selfish to allow it to do so, than to retain beside one a bird habituated to a cage. There is an odd sort of comfort, too, in the consciousness that one can't *spoil* a bird, whereas it is quite possible to make a spoiled pet of a dog or cat, and these are quite as tyrannical, and almost as disagreeable, as a spoiled child.

It were endless to quote passages from prose writers in favour of our pets; the dogs of our celebrated men are as well known almost as their masters. Who is there that

has not heard of Sir Walter's Maida and Crab, of the Ettrick shepherd's Luath and Yarrow, of Rab and his friends?

But we may indulge ourselves, and conclude this chapter with some poetical tributes to the love felt for bird and beast by those gifted ones, who know the truth of Coleridge's words—

> "He prayeth well, who loveth well
> Both man, and bird, and beast."

RANGER'S GRAVE.

He 's dead and gone! He 's dead and gone!
And the lime-tree branches wave,
And the daisy blows,
And the green grass grows,
Upon his grave.

He 's dead and gone! He 's dead and gone!
And he sleeps by the flowering lime,
Where he loved to lie
When the sun was high,
In summer time.

We 've laid him there, for I could not bear
His poor old bones to hide
In some dark hole,
Where rat and mole
And blind-worms bide.

We 've laid him there, where the blessed air
Disports with the lovely light,
And raineth showers
Of those sweet flowers
So silver white:

Where the blackbird sings, and the wild bee's wings
Make music all day long,
And the cricket at night
(A dusky sprite)
Takes up the song.

He loved to lie, where his wakeful eye
Could keep me still in sight,
Whence a word, or a sign,
Or a look of mine,
Brought him like light.

Nor word, nor sign, nor look of mine,
From under the lime-tree bough,
With bark and bound
And frolic round,
Shall bring him now.

But he taketh his rest, where he loved best
In the days of his life to be,
And that place will not
Be a common spot
Of earth to me.

CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

TO MY BIRDIE.

HERE'S only you an' me, Birdie! here's only you an' me!
An' there you sit, you humdrum fowl,
Sae mute and mopish as an owl,—
Sour companie!

Sing me a little sang, Birdie! lilt up a little lay!
When folks are here fu' fain are ye
To stun them with yere minstrelsie
The leeve-lang day;

An' now we're only twa, Birdie! and now we're only twa;
'Twere sure but kind and cosie, Birdie,
To charm wi' yere wee hurdy-gurdie
Dull care awa.

Ye ken, when folks are pair'd, Birdie! ye ken, when folks are pair'd,
Life's foul an' fair an' freakish weather,
An' light an' lumb'rin' loads, thegither
Maun a' be shared;

An' shared wi' lovin' hearts, Birdie! wi' lovin' hearts an' free;
For fashious loads may weel be borne,
An' roughest roads to velvet turn,
Trod cheerfully.

We 've a' our cares an' crosses, Birdie! we 've a' our cares an' crosses,
But then to sulk an' sit sae glum—
Hout, tout! what guid o' that can come
To mend one's losses?

Ye 're clipt in wiry fence, Birdie! ye 're clipt in wiry fence;
An' aiblins I, gin I mote gang
Upo' a wish, wad be or lang
Wi' frien's far hence:

But what 's a wish, ye ken, Birdie! but what 's a wish, ye ken?
Nae cantrip naig, like hers o' Fife,
Wha daurit wi' the auld weird wife
Flood fell an' fen.

'Tis true, ye 're furnish'd fair, Birdie! 'tis true ye 're furnish'd fair,
Wi' a braw pair o' bonnie wings,
Wad lift ye whar yon lav'rock sings,
High up i' th' air;

But then that wire 's sae strang, Birdie! but then that wire 's sae strang!
An' I mysel', sae seemin' free,
Nae wings have I to waften me
Whar fain I 'd gang.

An' say we 'd baith our wills, Birdie! we 'd each our wilfu' way:
Whar lav'rocks hover, falcons fly;
An' snares an' pitfa's aften lie
Whar wishes stray.

An' ae thing weel I wot, Birdie! an' ae thing weel I wot—
There 's Ane abune the highest sphere,
Wha cares for a' His creatures here,
Marks every lot;

Wha guards the crowned king, Birdie! wha guards the crowned king,
And taketh heed for sic as me—
Sae little worth—an' e'en for thee,
Puir witless thing!

Sae now, let's baith cheer up, Birdie, and sin' we're only twa—
Aff han'—let's ilk ane do our best,
To ding that crabbit, canker'd pest,
Dull care awa!

CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

MY DOVES.

MY little doves have left a nest
Upon an Indian tree,
Whose leaves fantastic take their rest
Or motion from the sea;
For, ever there, the sea-winds go
With sunlit paces to and fro.

The tropic flowers look'd up to it,
The tropic stars look'd down,
And there my little doves did sit,
With feathers softly brown,
And glittering eyes, that shew'd their right
To general nature's deep delight.

And God them taught, at every close
Of murmuring waves beyond,
And green leaves round, to interpose
Their choral voices fond,
Interpreting that love must be
The meaning of the earth and sea.

Fit ministers! of living loves,
Theirs hath the calmest fashion,
Their living voice the likest moves

To lifeless intonation—
The lonely monotone of springs,
And winds, and such insensate things.

My little doves were ta'en away
From that glad nest of theirs,
Across an ocean rolling gray,
And tempest-clouded airs,
My little doves—who lately knew
The sky and wave by warmth and blue!

And now, within the city prison,
In mist and chillness pent,
With sudden upward look they listen
For sounds of past content—
For lapse of water, swell of breeze,
Or nut-fruit falling from the trees.

The stir without, the glow of passion,
The triumph of the mart,
The gold and silver as they clash on
Man's cold metallic heart,
The roar of wheels, the cry for bread—
These only sounds are heard instead.

Yet still, as on my human hand
Their fearless heads they lean,
And almost seem to understand
What human musings mean,
(Their eyes, with such a plaintive shine,
Are fasten'd upwardly to mine!)

Soft falls their chant as on the nest
Beneath the sunny zone;
For love, that stirr'd it in their breast,
Has not a-weary grown,
And 'neath the city's shade can keep
The well of music clear and deep.

And love that keeps the music, fills
With pastoral memories.
All echoings from out the hills,
All droppings from the skies,
All flowings from the wave and wind,
Remember'd in their chant I find.

So teach ye me the wisest part,
My little doves! to move
Along the city ways with heart
Assured by holy love,
And vocal with such songs as own
A fountain to the world unknown.

'Twas hard to sing by Babel's stream,
More hard in Babel's street!
But if the soulless creatures deem
Their music not unmeet
For sunless walls—let us begin,
Who wear immortal wings within.

To me fair memories belong
Of scenes that used to bless,
For no regret, but present song,
And lasting thankfulness,
And very soon to break away,
Like types, in purer things than they.

I will have hopes that cannot fade,
For flowers the valley yields!
I will have humble thoughts instead
Of silent dewy fields!
My spirit and my God shall be
My seaward hill, my boundless sea.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

TO FLUSH, MY DOG.

I.

Loving friend, the gift of one
Who her own true faith has run
Through thy lower nature,
Be my benediction said
With my hand upon thy head,
Gentle fellow-creature!

II.

Like a lady's ringlets brown,
Flow thy silken ears adown
Either side demurely
Of thy silver-suited breast,
Shining out from all the rest
Of thy body purely.

III.

Darkly brown thy body is,
Till the sunshine striking this
Alchemise its dulness;
When the sleek curls manifold
Flush all over into gold,
With a burnish'd fulness.

IV.

Underneath my stroking hand,
Startled eyes of hazel bland
Kindling, growing larger,
Up thou leapest with a spring,
Full of prank and curveting,
Leaping like a charger.

V.

Leap! thy broad tail waves a light,
Leap! thy slender feet are bright,
Canopied in fringes;

Leap—those tassell'd ears of thine
Flicker strangely, fair and fine,
Down their golden inches.

VI.

Yet, my pretty, sportive friend,
Little is 't to such an end
That I praise thy rareness!
Other dogs may be thy peers
Haply in those drooping ears,
And this glossy fairness.

VII.

But of *thee* it shall be said,
This dog watch'd beside a bed
Day and night unweary,—
Watch'd within a curtain'd room,
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom,
Round the sick and dreary.

VIII.

Roses, gather'd for a vase,
For that chamber died apace,
Beam and breeze resigning;
This dog only, waited on,
Knowing that when light is gone,
Love remains for shining.

IX.

Other dogs in thymy den
Track'd the hares and follow'd through
Snowy moor or meadow.
This dog only, crept and crept
Next a languid cheek that slept,
Sharing in the shadow.

X.

Other dogs, of loyal cheer,
Bounded at the whistle clear,
Up the woodside hying.

This dog only, watch'd in reach
Of a faintly-utter'd speech,
Or a louder sighing.

XI.

And if one or two quick tears
Dropp'd upon his glossy ears,
Or a sigh came double,
Up he sprang in eager haste,
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,
In a tender trouble.

XII.

And this dog was satisfied
If a pale thin hand would glide
Down his dewlaps sloping—
Which he push'd his nose within,
After platforming his chin
On the palm left open.

XIII.

This dog, if a friendly voice
Call him now to blither choice
Than such chamber-keeping.
"Come out!" praying from the door,
Presseth backward as before,
Up against me leaping.

XIV.

Therefore to this dog will I,
Tenderly, not scornfully,
Render praise and favour:
With my hand upon his head,
Is my benediction said,
Therefore and for ever.

XV.

And because he loves me so,
Better than his kind will do
Often, man or woman;

Give I back more love again
Than dogs often take of men,
  Learning from my Human.

XVI.

Blessings on thee, dog of mine,
Pretty collars make thee fine,
  Sugar'd milk make fat thee!
Pleasures wag on in thy tail,
Hands of gentle motion fail
  Nevermore to pat thee!

XVII.

Downy pillow take thy head,
Silken coverlet bestead,
  Sunshine help thy sleeping!
No flies buzzing wake thee up,
No man break thy purple cup,
  Set for drinking deep in.

XVIII.

Whisker'd cats anointed flee,
Sturdy stoppers keep from thee
  Cologne distillations;
Nuts lie on thy path for stones,
And thy feast-day macaroons
  Turn to daily rations!

XIX.

Mock I thee, in wishing weal?
Tears are in my eyes to feel
  Thou art made so straightly.
Blessing needs must straighten too,
Little canst thou joy or do,
  Thou who lovest *greatly*.

XX.

Yet be blessed to the height
Of all good and all delight
  Pervious to thy nature;

Only *loved* beyond that line.
With a love that answers thine,
Loving fellow-creature!

ON THE GRAVE OF A FAITHFUL DOG.

THREE trees which stand apart upon
A sunny slope of meadow ground,
A shadow from the heat at noon,
And underneath a grassy mound.

A little silent grassy mound!
And is this all is left of thee,
Whose feet would o'er the meadow bound,
So full of eager life and glee?

Of "thee?" and may I say e'en this
Of what so wholly pass'd away?
Or can such trust and tenderness
Be crush'd entirely into clay?

The voice whose welcomes were so glad,
Feet pattering like summer showers;
The dark eyes which would look so sad
If gathering tears were dimming ours.

Those wistful, dark, inquiring eyes,
So fond and watchful, deep and true;
That made the thought so often rise—
What looks these crystal windows through?

Didst thou not watch for hours our track,
And for the absent seem to pine?
And when the well-known voice came back,
What ecstasy could equal thine?

Is it all lost in nothingness,
Such gladness, love, and hope, and trust;
Such busy thought our thoughts to guess,
All trampled into common dust?

Save memories which our hearts entwine,
Has all for ever pass'd away;
Like the dear home once thine and mine—
The home now silent as the clay?

Or is there something yet to come,
From all our silence yet concealed,
About the patient creatures dumb,
A secret yet to be revealed?

—A happy secret still behind,
Yet for the mute creation stored;
Which suffers, though it never sinn'd,
And loves and toils without reward?

—*The Three Wakings.*

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